




GOREXTM SHRIEK

NO.5

\$3.50 £2.50 U.K.



WARNING:
Contains disturbing material
and is not intended
for children!



HOWDY, SHRIEKMEISTERS...
MISTER SHRIEK HERE...
WELCOMING YOU TO A NEW ERA
IN **GORE GALORE!** JUST TO
USHER IN THE GUSHERS, WE LET
"**GORE**" OUT OF HIS LAIR. YES,
SIR, THE BOY IS DEFINITELY OUT
TO CARVE A NAME IN HIMSELF!
HE'S GOT THIS ONE NAILED!
I'M TALON YOU... THE BEAST
IS YET TO COME! CHEST YOU
WAIT AND SEE!



GORETM SHRIEK NO.5

COVER . . . Bruce Spaulding Fuller THIS PAGE . . . Bruce Spaulding Fuller

INSIDE FRONT COVER . . . Steve Bissette

FALLEN LEAVES

..... Story and Pencils/Rick McCollum . . . Inks and Lettering/Bill Anderson

THE WARREN EMPIRE

A Personal View . . . Article/Archie Goodwin

MAL OCCHIO . . . Story and Art/Chris Pelletiere

GORY SHRIEKS! . . . Outcries from our readers.

ZOMBIE BUZZSAW APOCALYPSE 2000AD

..... Art/Chas. Balun

INTRUDERS AT THE GATES OF THE MIND

Horror in the Undergrounds . . . Article/Tom Veitch

THE BLEEDING MIRROR

..... Story and Art/David Marshall

THE LOST "GHOUL" . . . Article/Stan Wiater

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Feller

Everybody always asked about my tree.
Nobody could figure out what kind it was.
My garden revolved around it...

My special garden. The
garden of Dimitri Kostos.
Every plant a prize, my
tree a masterpiece.

But a leaf had fallen.

It was like a crack
in a priceless
minotaur vase.

Of course, that morning,
I tended to it immediately.
The sparrow's liver closed
up the broken twig nicely.
The cat's blood was quickly
soaked up by the rich
black earth.

For fifteen years my
sprout had stood
glowing with health.

The leaf worried me.

I heard pipes
on the wind...

FALLEN LEAVES

STORY & PENCILS Rick McCollum INKS Bill Anderson

HEY
KOSTOS!

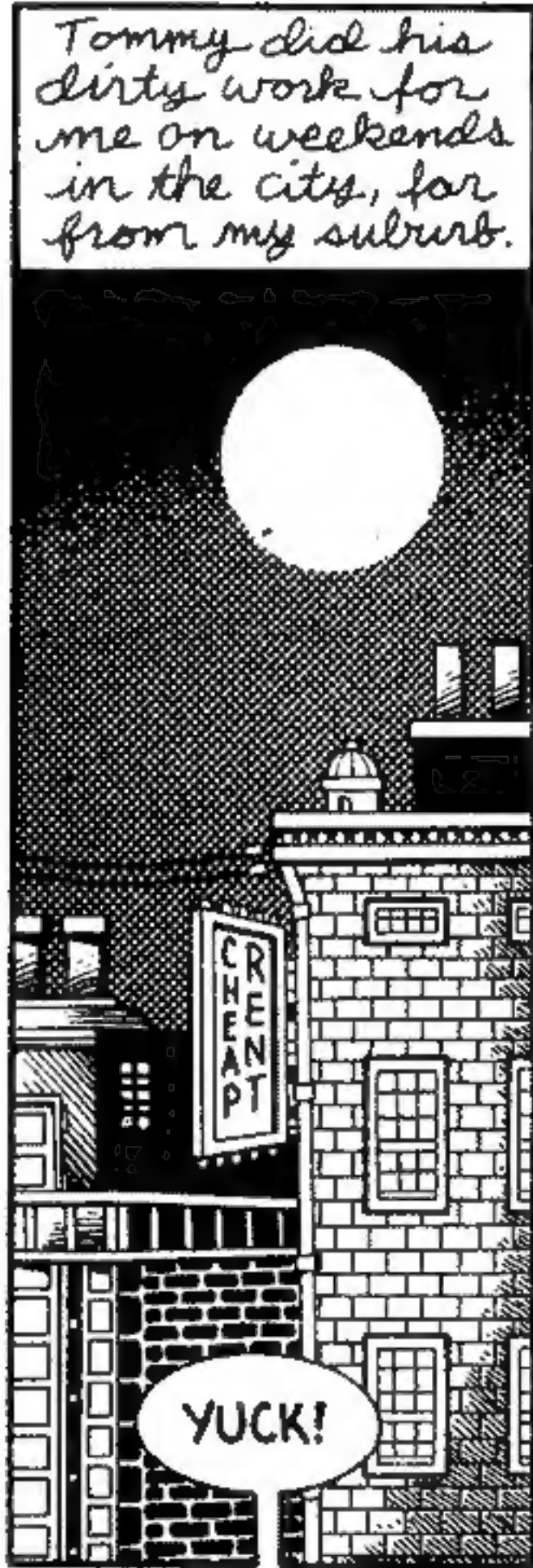
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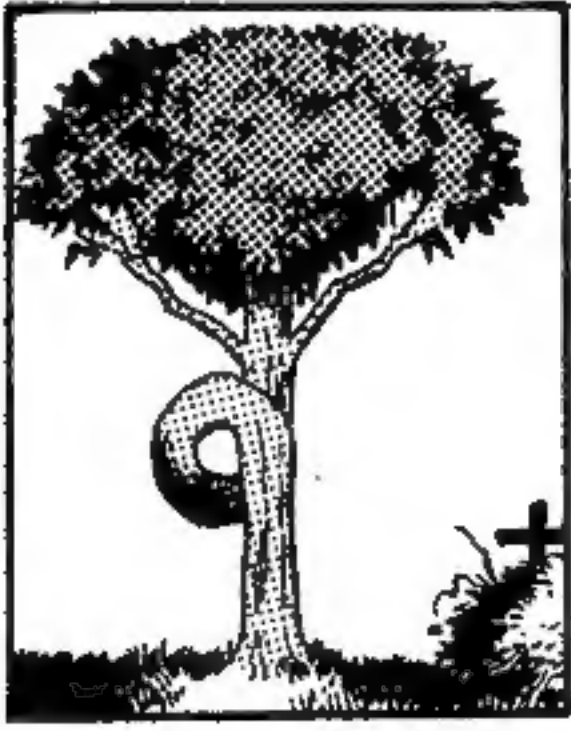
Pieris • Arethusa • Hylas • Narcissus • Arachne • Naiad •



Pale and willowy, gentle with whimsy - she was a girl like girls were meant to be! Yet Kristine had the wildness of primordial glens and woods within her. She was much more than a daughter to me, so much more.





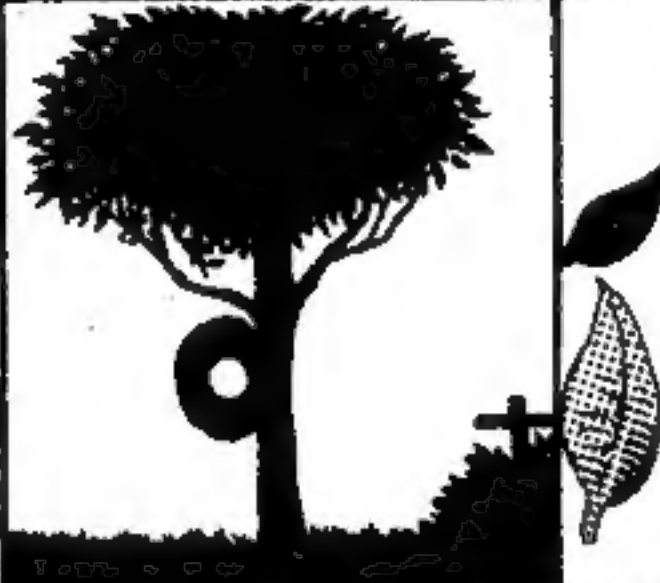


I couldn't bring myself to keep Kristine from seeing Tommy. The imposition would mar her wholesomeness, somehow. But you can be sure I tried to talk her out of it. Usually in my garden. I hoped that the quiet aura of the tree would bring her into harmony with the old ways and make her contrast with the modern, punky, plastic Tommy come into view. Such futility! She only thought of herself as a shallow teenager.

YOU
LOVE THIS
TREE MORE
THAN ME.



In my
mind, many
leaves fell.

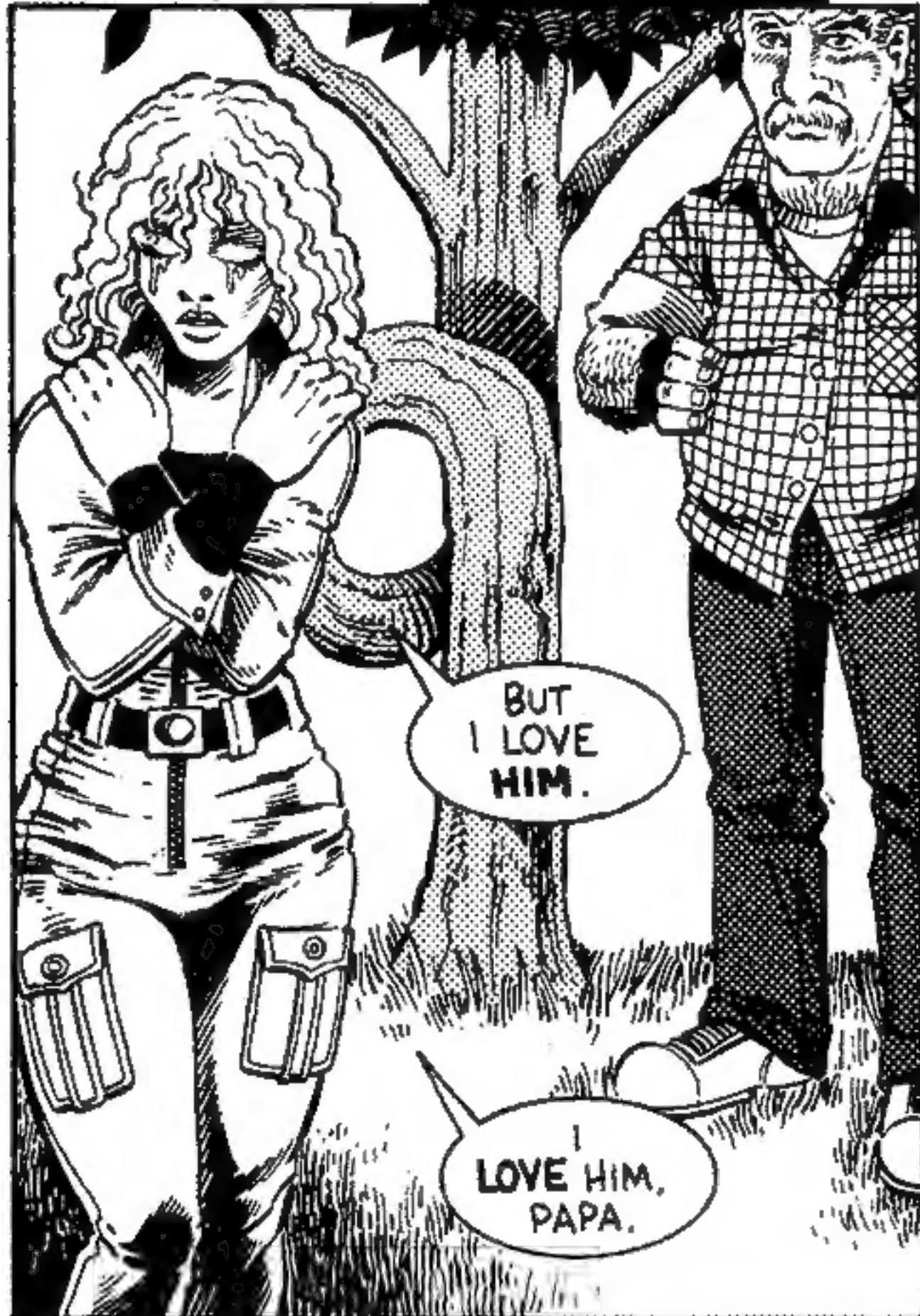


That nearly broke my heart. The tree was a monument to her, and more. My traditions are ancient and pure and dying out. Everything I did for the tree, I did for Kristine. She was not only the continuity of my family name, but also of my country, my people, my religion... beliefs far older than christianity.

Did I tell her of the young boy being raised in Greece, whose destiny was hers?

TOMMY'S
NO GOOD.
HE'S NOT
FOR YOU.

No. She wasn't ready yet.



BUT
I LOVE
HIM.

I
LOVE HIM,
PAPA.



WHAT?!



OH-

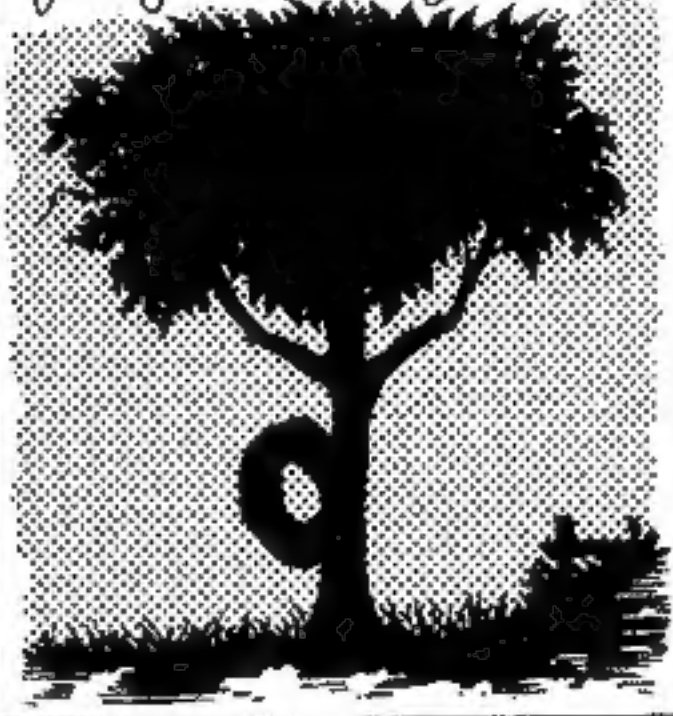


...NO!

Kristine crept off that night, but I didn't follow. Now was the time for the independent amazon to assert herself. Besides, I knew where she'd go...



I should have said something to Kristine, but I didn't. My fault, Eris, goddess of discord, had her fingers in my hair.



She was just a girl! I should have expected her to act like one.



That was her doom.

Tommy was a young man out of control. I should have expected him to act like one.

I'M GETTING OUT.

SPLITTING FOR THE COAST.

COME WITH ME -

YES.

I should have expected how I would act, too.

I acted the fool.

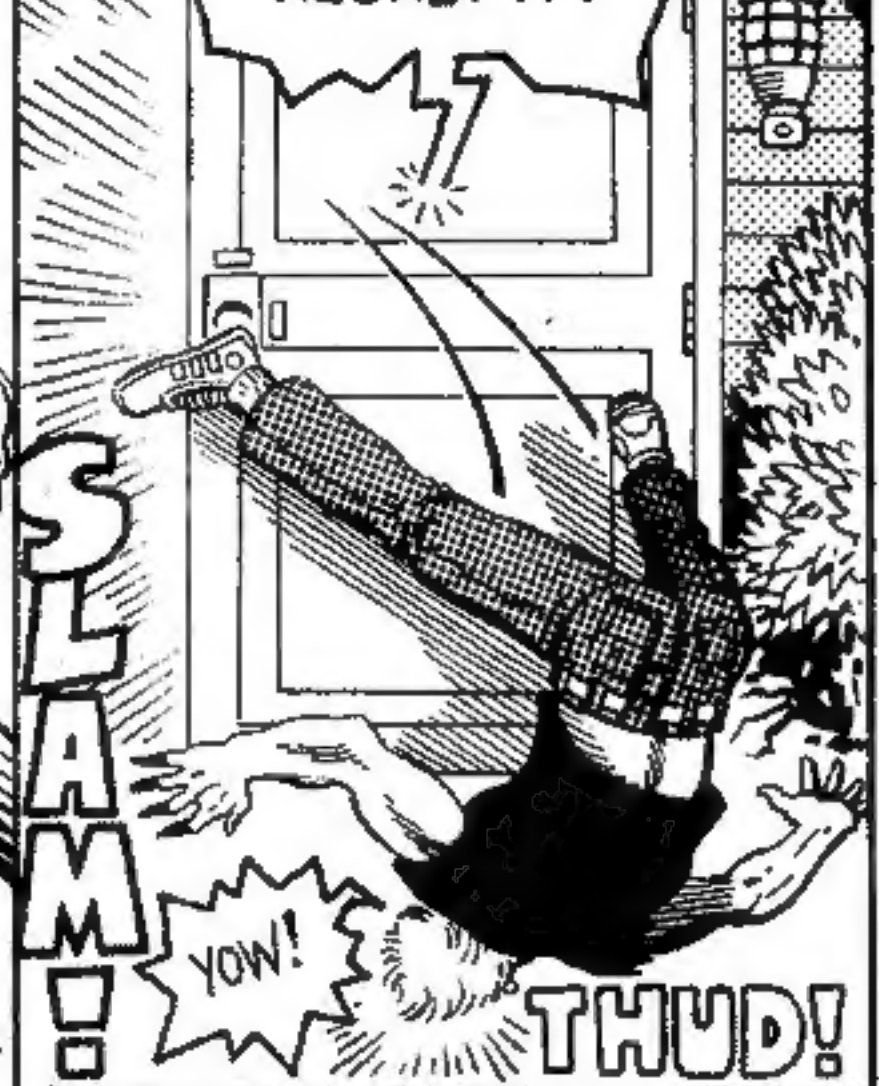


IF I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN -

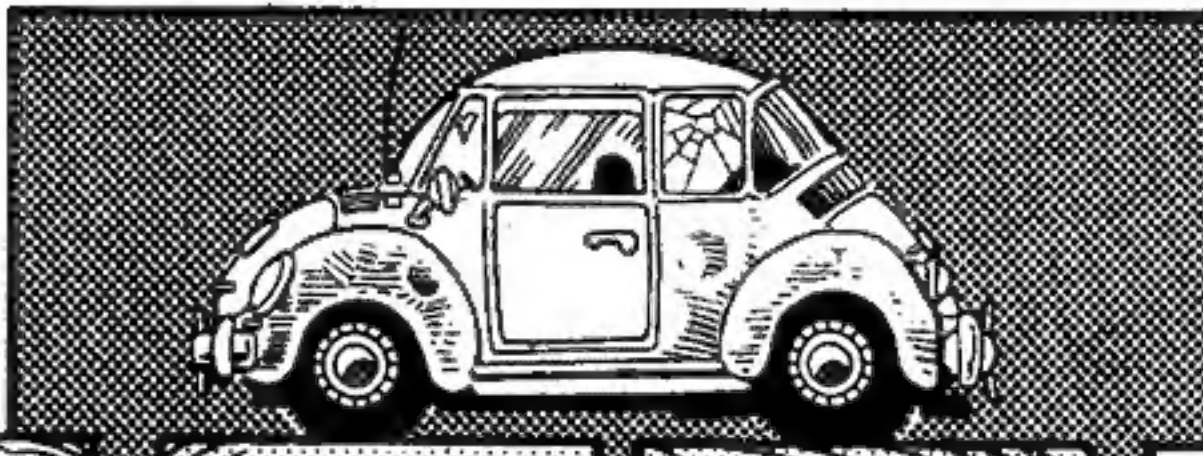
HEY -



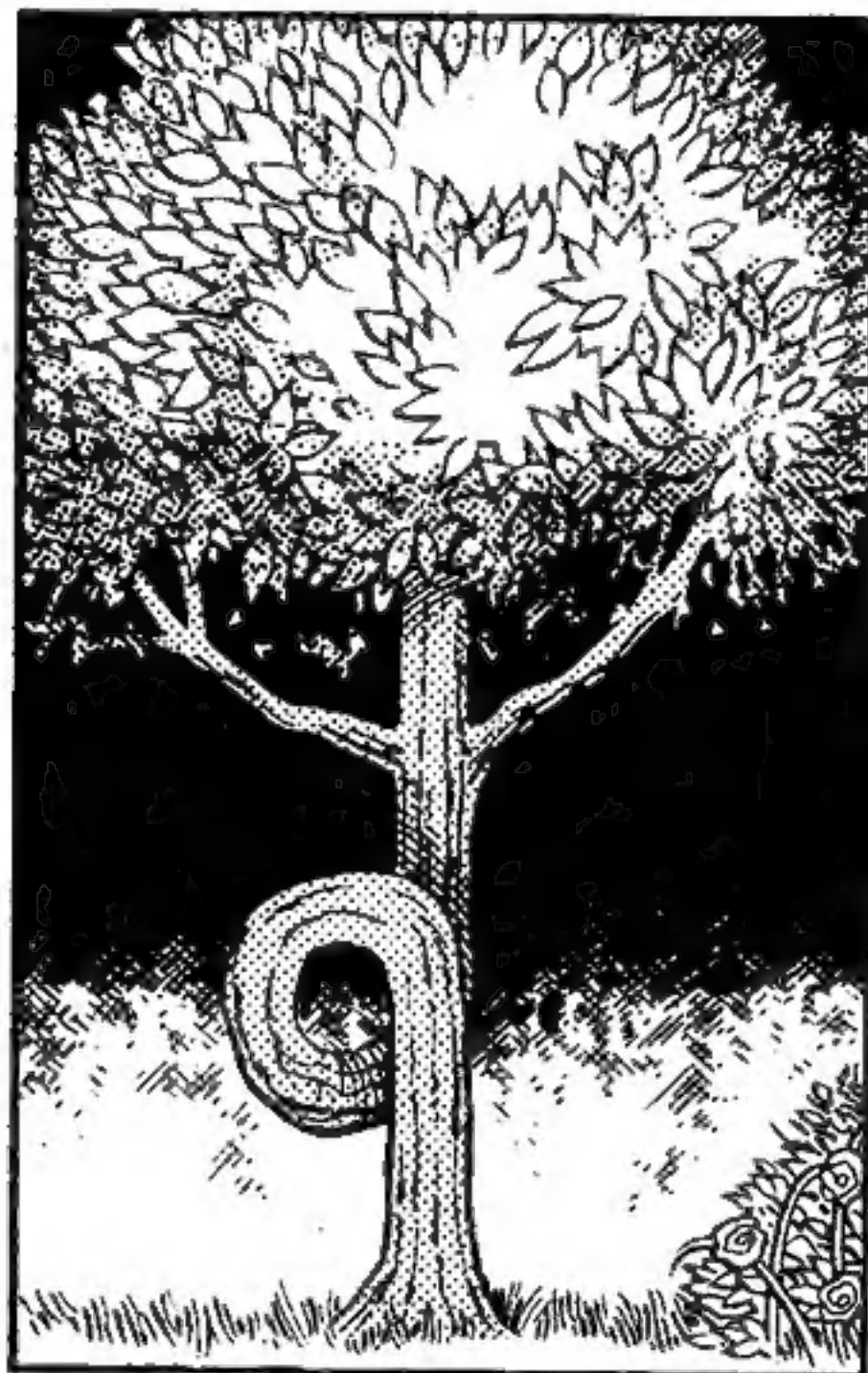
YOU'LL REGRET IT!

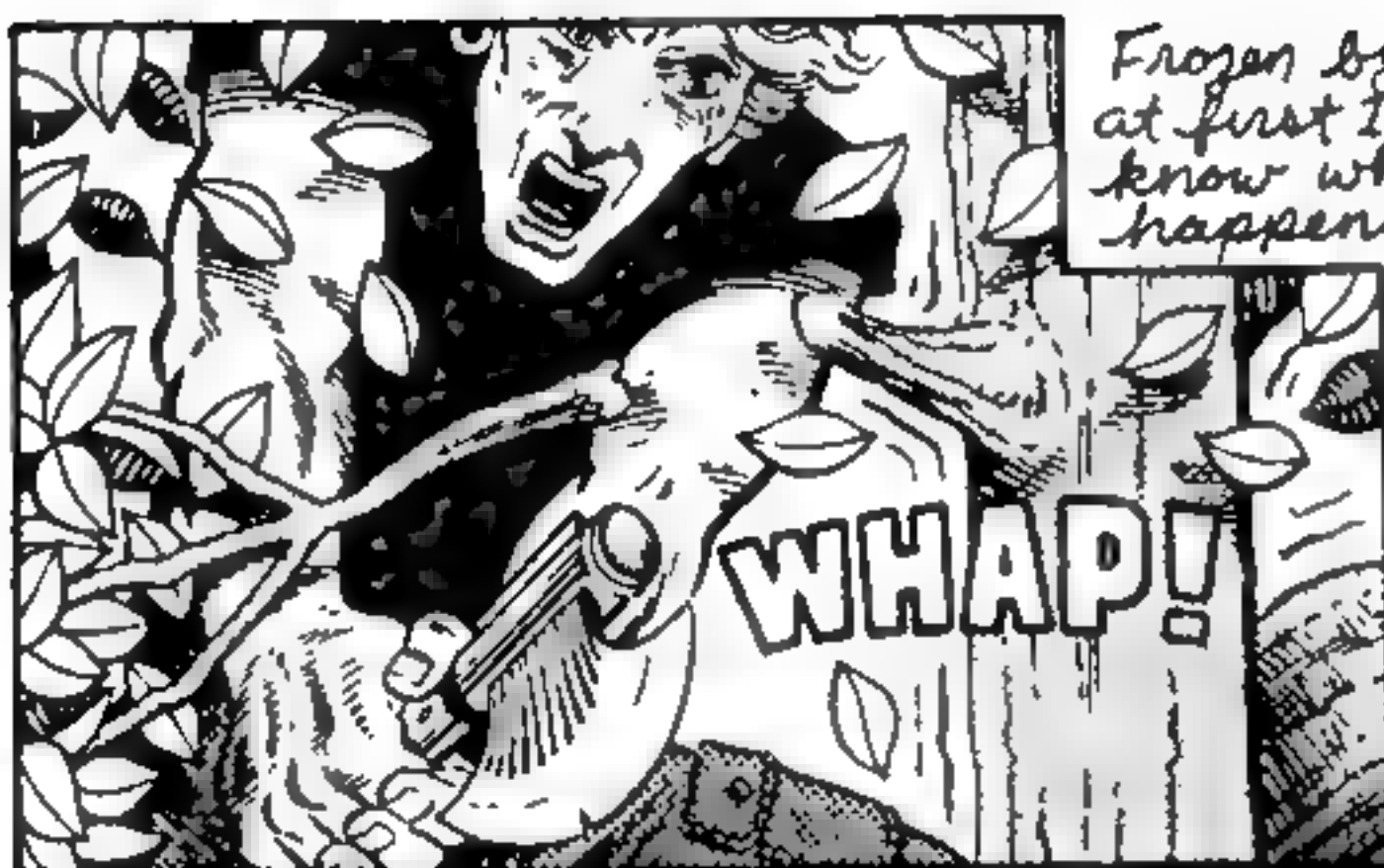


I had taken away from Tommy something he had loved, (or thought he did, anyway) now he'd do the same to me.



Tommy must have gone to his car for the axe. Doubtless he'd used it on his little jobs for me.





Frozen by shock,
at first I didn't
know what was
happening...



Then she screamed again, and I knew!



The scream echoed that
of the young Turkish
girl Maria and I had
long ago sacrificed.

I'm the old country. I'm
Greece. Maria was more
than my wife. She was
my sybil, my priestess

Of the old gods,
the true gods,
and their flock:
Harpies, Centaurs,
Fauns, Wood Nymphs



For all our ritual
and ceremony, our
magick was small.

So first we'd
bring the lesser
creatures back.



Starting with the Wood Nymphs.



Starting with Kristine!!!

CHOP! HACK! SNAP! CRUNCH!



I killed Tommy. Wouldn't you? He was, after all, just a skinny teenager.

His hand axe fell into Kristine's blood. The police believed me when I told them Tommy had killed Kristine and I'd tried to stop him.



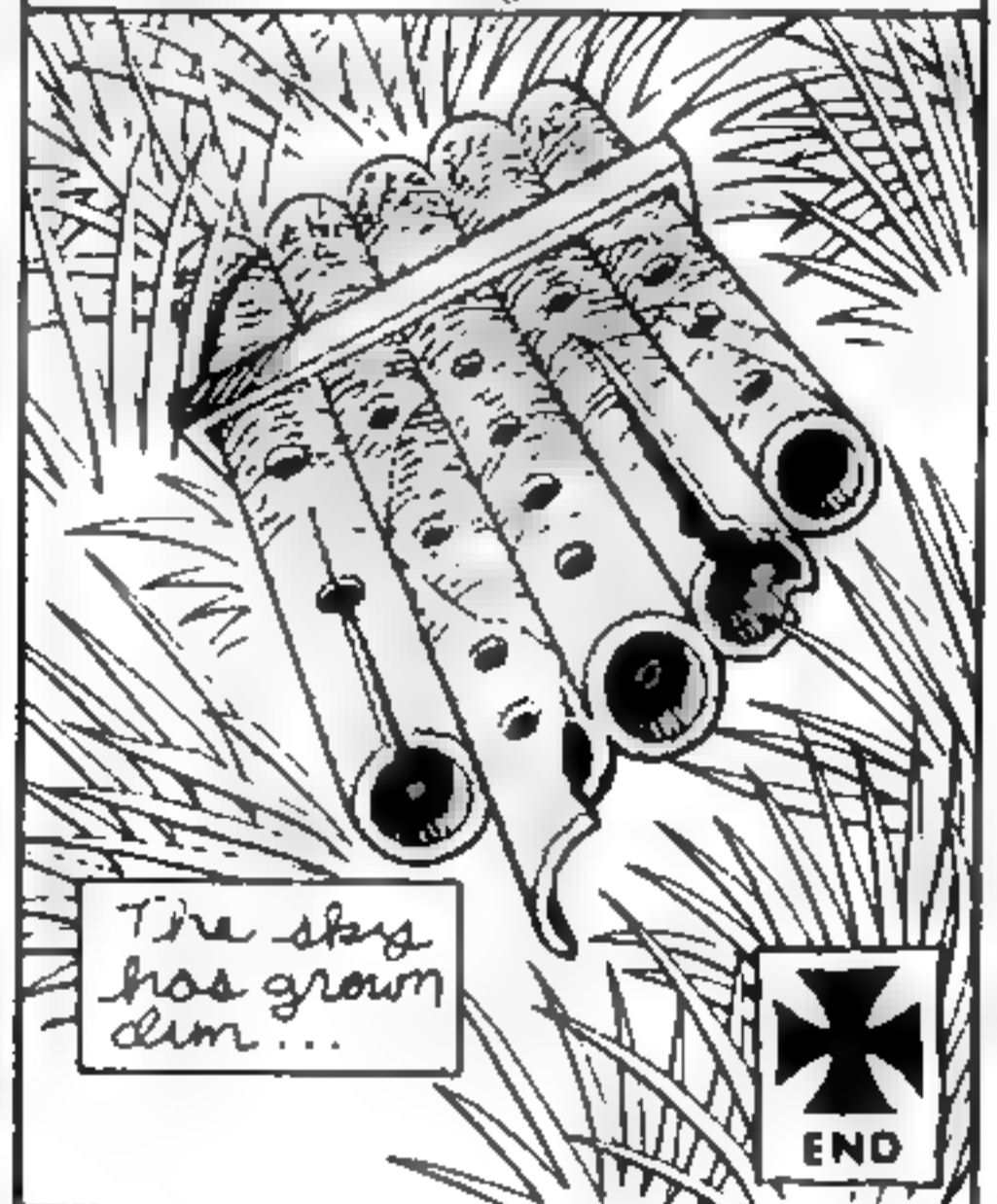
He did kill Kristine, you know...

A week ago I heard that the boy in Greece had also withered away and died.



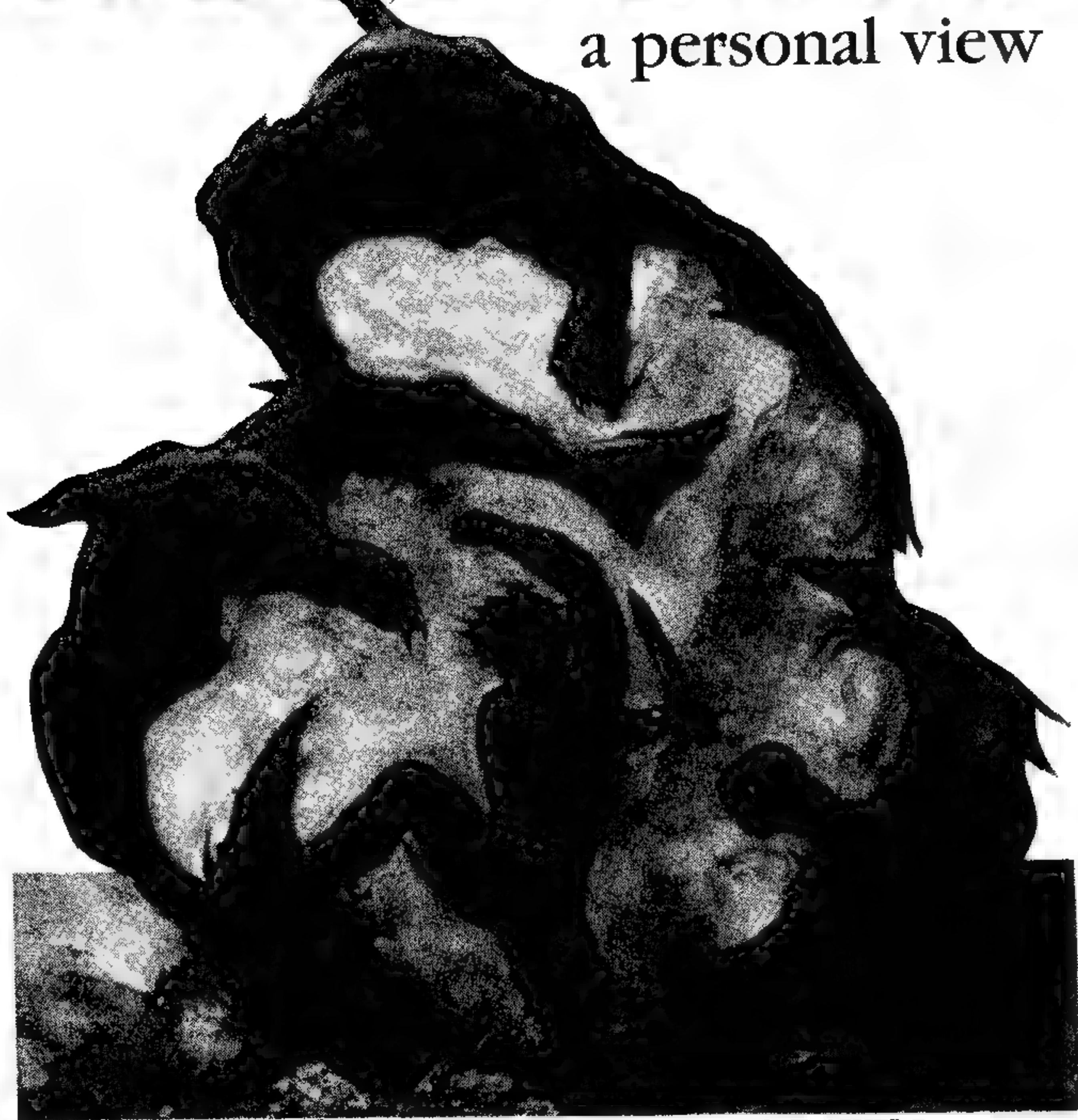
My garden now is bare. All the leaves have fallen.

Yesterday I found broken pipes in the grass.



THE WARREN EMPIRE

a personal view



Art Courtesy Frank Frazetta © 1966

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TEXT © 1988 ARCHIE GOODWIN

Comicbook history should not be entrusted solely to the critics and scholars. Misinformation, neglect, and (occasionally deliberate) distortion of fact too often are the result. We must turn to the men and women who were there, who lived it.

Archie Goodwin was—and is—there.

Archie Goodwin has left an indelible impression on the American comics industry: both as an excellent writer (CREEPY, EERIE, BLAZING COMBAT, "The Manhunter" series in DC's DETECTIVE COMICS, etc.) and as one of the most respected editors in the business (starting with the

Warren black and white zines, and continuing at DC, Marvel, and current work with Marvel's prestigious Epic line). Archie wrote this piece in 1981 as a contribution to a foreign publisher's history of comics. It has never been printed on these shores, and we thank Archie for granting us permission to include it here in GORE SHRIEK. Please bear in mind the time period in which it was written, prior to the black and white boom and glut of the mid 80's; we have edited the manuscript slightly (with Archie's blessings) to account for its dated references

—SRB



**UNCLE
CREEPY**

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Practically twenty years ago, publisher James Warren held a dinner at the Cattleman restaurant in New York City. His guests were Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Reed Crandall, Roy Krenkel, Angelo Torres, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, George Evans, Russ Jones, and Archie Goodwin. They were all sharing drinks and steaks to celebrate the launching of a new magazine. Its name was *Creepy*. Unlike any other magazine which Warren had published at that time, *Creepy* was entirely comics. Unlike any other comics published at that time, *Creepy* was in black-and-white and a magazine-size format. It was also done without the Comics Code Authority seal.

The time was 1964 and the American comics scene was beginning to come excitingly to life again after a ten year doldrum brought on by the McCarthy era hysteria which marked comic books as a major cause of juvenile delinquency. Within a year Warren's comic line had expanded to three titles; *Creepy*, *Eerie*, and *Blazing Combat*, with a fourth, *Vampirella*, to be added several years later. Warren was the first new publisher to seriously enter the field since the fifties and the only one among a number who would follow to succeed. The Warren comics never seriously challenged larger companies such as Marvel and DC in sales, but they very successfully created their own special niche in the market and in comics history, providing an alternative to the mainstream emphasis on superheroes and a showcase for promising new talent as well as some of the greatest names in both the U.S. and Europe.

I was one of those at James Warren's dinner, steak in mouth and drink in hand. I had written about half the stories in the first issue of *Creepy* and, by dint of knowing most of the artists involved in the venture, was sort of unofficial chief writer on the project. By the second issue I was declared story Editor and by the fourth, I was the magazine's full-fledged Editor. For me, it was an extremely heady experience. I had been a comics fan since my early teens, particularly of the EC line published in the fifties. The Warren comics were initially an attempt to reincarnate that line and most of the artists who contributed to the early issues—as a reading of the dinner list shows—were strongly associated with the EC era and well-known and well-regarded by fans and professionals because of that association. As a fan, I had set my sights on becoming a comic book artist, but I believe I always harbored strong learnings toward becoming a writer and editor as well, even without any true knowledge or suspicion of what the latter even involved. I wouldn't just draw, I would envision features which would fit into a whole comic book which in turn would be intended as part of an entire comics line. When my ability to produce in volume enough to fulfill these grand ambitions sagged well below the one comic level, I began constructing imaginary comics and comics lines, drawing up lists of working artists I admired and assigning them to the various titles and features I intended my "company" (AG Publications, I believe it was) to produce. When EC actually used several of my choices, the entire process seemed justified. And though these lists never actually made the trek with me when I left my home in Oklahoma to seek fame and fortune in New York, the memory of doing them certainly influenced many of my choices of artists when I finally became an editor for Warren. I suppose a case can be made that teenagers often unrealistically nurture a fantasy, but you couldn't prove it by me. Most of mine came true. And with the very first full-time job I held in comics.

Had Warren attempted the plunge into comics a year or so later, it's doubtful the remarkable group of artists who launched *Creepy* would still have been available. The long dry spell of scrambling for assignments since the late fifties worked their toll on comics was rapidly breaking up and a large variety of higher paying work was materializing more and more rapidly to tempt them all. But it hadn't quite happened yet when Warren began *Creepy*. Busy though they might have been, they still had the time. And, more importantly, the enthusiasm.

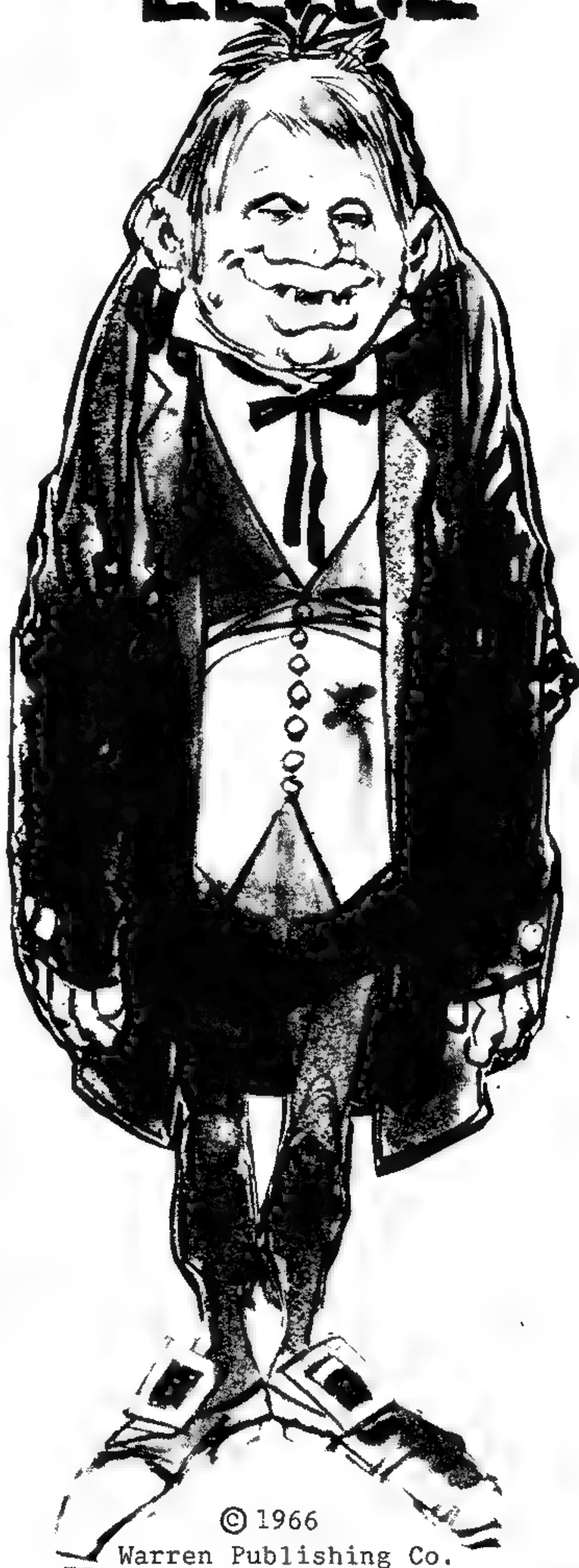


“The Warren comics never seriously challenged larger companies such as Marvel and DC in sales, but they very successfully created their own special niche in the market and in comics history.”

Unlike other parts of the world, black-and-white comic books were something of a rarity in the United States. In an attempt to escape the comic book censorship imposed upon them, EC tried converting to a magazine format and eliminating dialogue balloons in favor of typeset text in what they would call their *Picto-Fiction* line. Distribution problems killed the concept, but the experiment did prove that their staff of artists could work well and with more variety than in the four color comics. Other attempts were made by other publishers, but with the exception of *Mad* and several imitators, the black-and-white magazine format found no welcome in the market place.

Again, if time favored Warren in being able to gather the right group of artists, it also favored him in terms of an available audience. Warren has already perceived and was reaching most successfully with his pioneer publication, *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. The early sixties saw the release to television of the classic horror and monster movies of the thirties and forties, usually in the form of a regular scheduled “Shock Theater”, complete with ghoulish host to introduce the films and make bad puns and jokes about them. These won a whole new audience for the old movies and their classic Dracula, Frankenstein, and the Wolfman characters. Great Britain's Hammer Films followed this success in movie theaters with their own new series of horror films and widened the popularity of the genre even more. In his efforts to broaden the range of products he was creating for the market, Warren began experimenting with visual adaptations of some of the most popular movies (and some of the deservedly obscure as well). Some of these were done in *fumetti* format, using comic book captions and balloons with photos from the films serving as art; others were done as actually comics inserts into his regular monster magazines. Russ Jones was packaging most of this material for Warren and he had managed to get both Wallace Wood and Joe Orlando to work with him; particularly impressive were two adaptations from Universal's *The Mummy* series done as comics inserts in Warren's *Monster World*. Having done

DEAR COUSIN EERIE



© 1966

Warren Publishing Co.

VAMPIRELLA



© 1969 Warren Publishing Co.

these, utilizing two of the most popular of the EC artists, it was not a great leap to the notice of producing the full magazine in the EC tradition.

Larry Ivie, a publisher, writer, and comics historian, had already approached Warren with the notion of doing such a project, but before Warren had experimented with comics-related format and fan reaction to them. It hadn't been something he was ready to act on at that time. But, a year later, when Russ Jones resuggested the idea, Warren was receptive. Jones then enlisted Larry Ivie to work on the new project. Ivie contributed three scripts to the first issue of *Creepy* and would continue to make contributions from time to time as the magazine grew, but it was also through him that Al Williamson first met Jones and became interested in *Creepy*. Al then brought in many of his friends from the EC era such as Frazetta, Krenkel, Crandall, and Evans. He also brought Angelo Torres and Gray Morrow, who had come into the comics field just a bit too late to become popular E.C. staffers, but who both certainly possessed the potential had the line continued. Williamson also volunteered me as an additional script writer for *Creepy*.

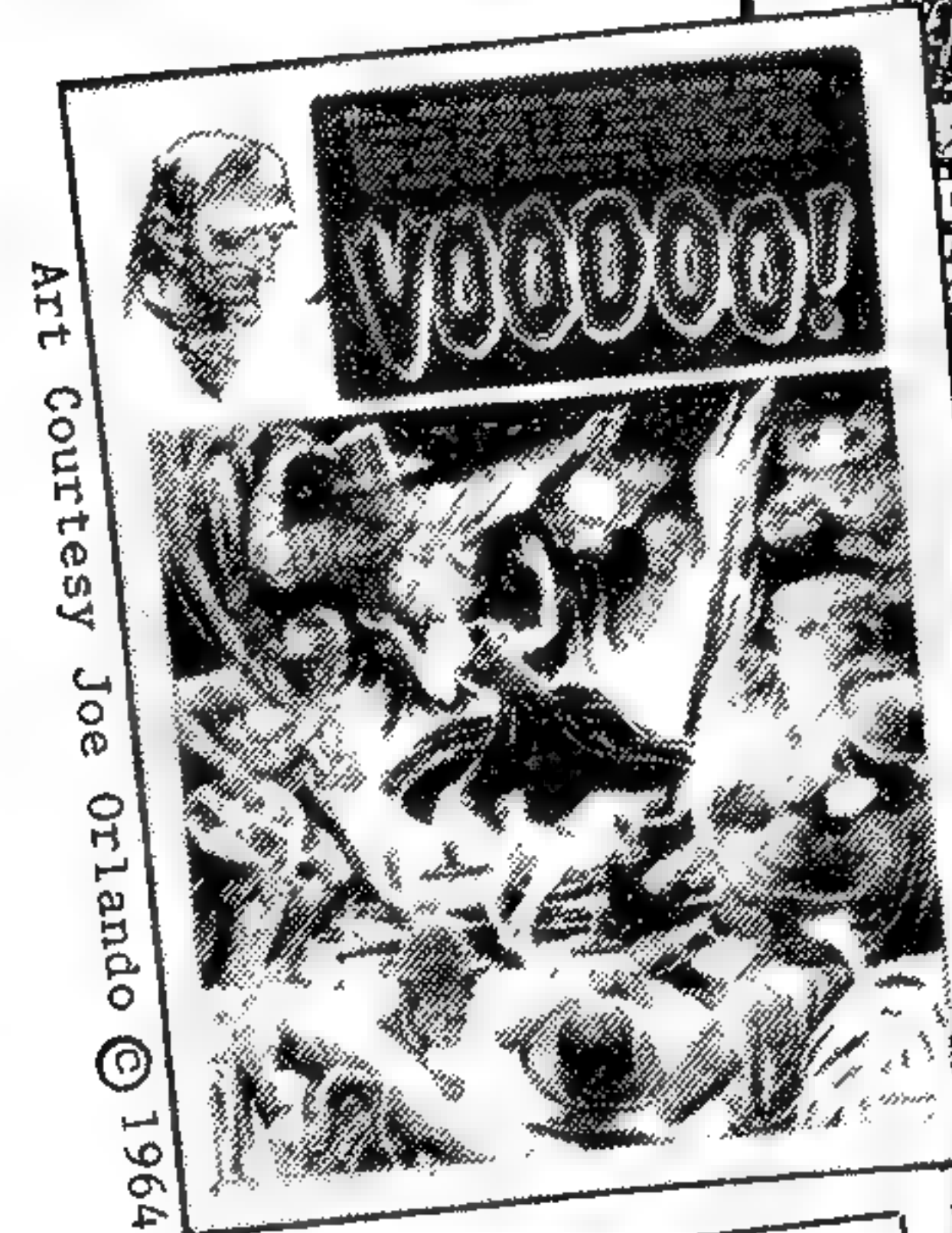


“Again, if time favored Warren being able to gather the right group of artists, it also favored him in terms of an available audience.”

Al had met Larry Ive and me when we were both in art school in New York and both rabid fans of both E.C. and Williamson's artwork. He was responsible for starting the two of us comics writers by having us do scripts for him. Al continued to encourage us and was always ready to volunteer us for any likely project that came up. He was the same way with his other friends and fellow artists. This was particularly true at the beginning of the *Creepy* project and aiding substantially in getting it started toward success.

By the time the second issue of *Creepy* was out, Warren was already planning two more titles. The first was a companion magazine to *Creepy*, which—after much debate among Warren, Jones, and myself over such title possibilities as *Ghastly*, *Spooky*, and *Macabre*—became *Eerie*. The second was *Blazing Combat*. In addition to its successful horror and science-fiction comics, E.C. had done two magnificent and innovative war titles, conceived, edited and written by Harvey Kurtzman (who went on to do *Mad* and *Little Annie Fanny* and, in between them, a more obscure humor magazine called *Help*, which was published by James Warren). Since our version of E.C. type horror garnered a good reaction, Warren was willing to gamble on another E.C.-style project. But this gamble was not a commercial success. *Blazing Combat* lasted only four issues. Yet it is well-remembered even to this day. Though the material I wrote for *Blazing Combat* was done relatively early in my career, I still get fans talking about it at every convention I attend. One of the things most remembered is that the stories took an anti-war stance before protest over the escalating Vietnam war became

Art Courtesy Jack Davis © 1964



Art Courtesy Al Williamson © 1964



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CREEPY

No. 1

PUBLISHER: James Warren

EDITOR: Russ Jones

STORY IDEAS: Joe Orlando

LETTERING: Ben Oda

ARTISTS: Reed Crandall, Jack Davis (cover), George Evans, Frank Frazetta, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, Angelo Torres, Al Williamson, Maurice Whitman

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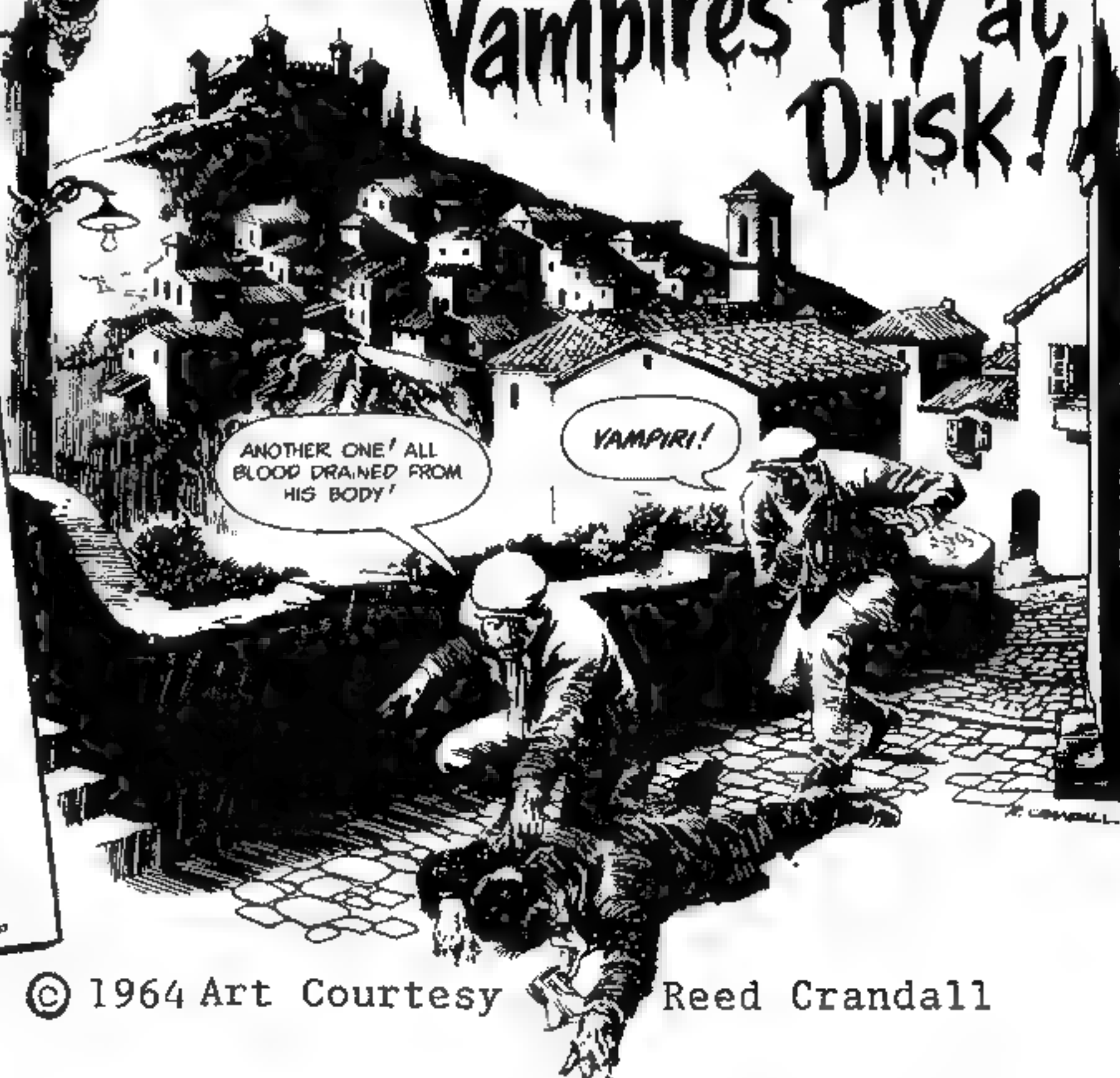
PURSUIT OF THE VAMPIRE

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SICILY, ANCIENT AND BARREN, HAD A LONG HISTORY OF VAMPIRES. CENTURIES OLD, THE VAMPIRE HAD BEEN KNOWN TO LIVE IN THE NIGHT.

Vampires Fly at Dusk!



© 1964 Art Courtesy Reed Crandall

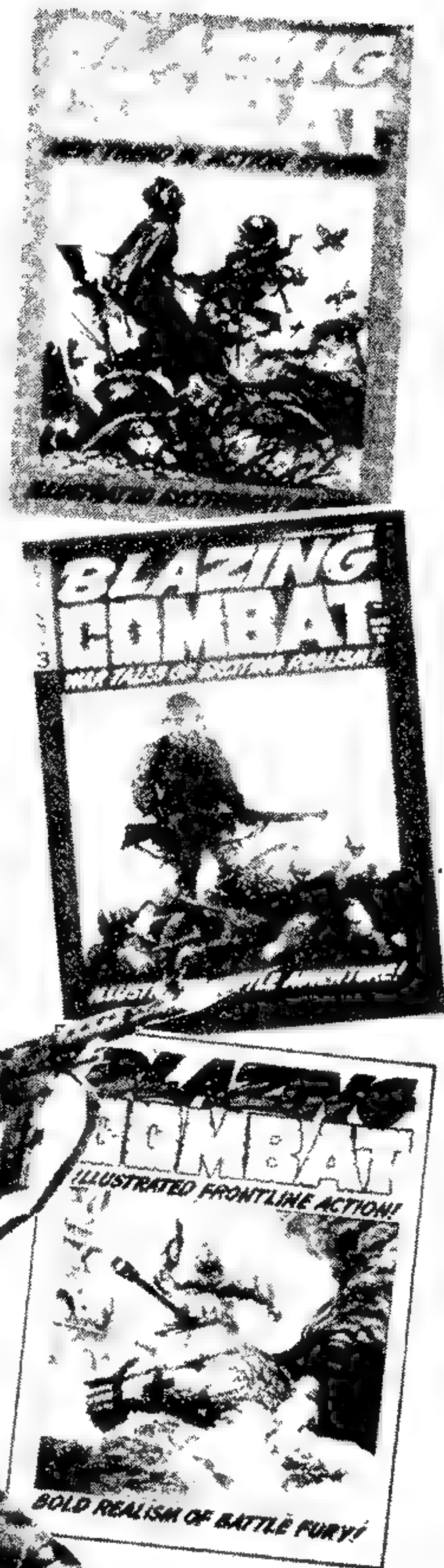


Art Courtesy
Frank Frazetta © 1966

popular or accepted in the United States. One story, "Landscape," drawn by Joe Orlando, apparently caused the book to be banned from Army post stores since it portrayed U.S. and South Vietnamese forces as being just as destructive to the life of an uninvolved peasant as were the Viet-Cong and North Vietnamese. With time, this has been blown out of proportion a bit, making it seem we were far greater crusaders than was actually the case. Basically, I was trying to write the same type stories that Harvey Kurtzman had in his E.C. war comics and to make those stories good enough to please and inspire the artists who were doing the book. In addition to *Creepy* regulars Angelo Torres, Gray Morrow, Reed Crandall, George Evans, and Joe Orlando, *Blazing Combat* also attracted the services of John Severin, Alex Toth, Wallace Wood, Russ Heath, and Eugene Colan, all of whom had an affinity for the material and managed to contribute some of their very best work to this short-lived title. Even Frank Frazetta, who is generally

thought of as strictly a fantasy artist (perhaps the best fantasy artist), contributed four very striking and dynamic covers that lent the book an especially unique look.

Eerie, which would last much longer than *Blazing Combat*, had a far more troubled beginning. Once we finally settled on the title, we began promoting it in *Creepy*. Then Warren discovered that another publisher who used his same distributor was bringing out an imitation of *Creepy* and intending to call it *Eerie*. In the late fifties, there had been a one-issue attempt at a black-and-white horror comic; its title was *Eerie*. [Actual title was *EERIE TALES—SRB*] With its failure, rights to the title had lapsed. Now, whoever got their version of *Eerie* out first would have new claim to the title. Since Warren's rival was going to be reprinting old horror comics material from the fifties, there seemed little chance of beating them into print as all of our stories for the first issue of Warren's *Eerie* were still with the artists and none of them near completion. The



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EERIE

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin
PUBLISHER: James Warren
COVER: Frank Frazetta
STAFF: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Jack Davis, Fank Frazetta, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Toyce, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth

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EERIE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 2700 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 4007 AT NEW YORK, N.Y. POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE. POSTMASTER: RETURN TO POSTAL SERVICE IF MAIL ADDRESS CHANGES. © 1966 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE NEW YORK PRINTING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

COLLECTOR'S EDITION!

Art Courtesy Frank Frazetta © 1966

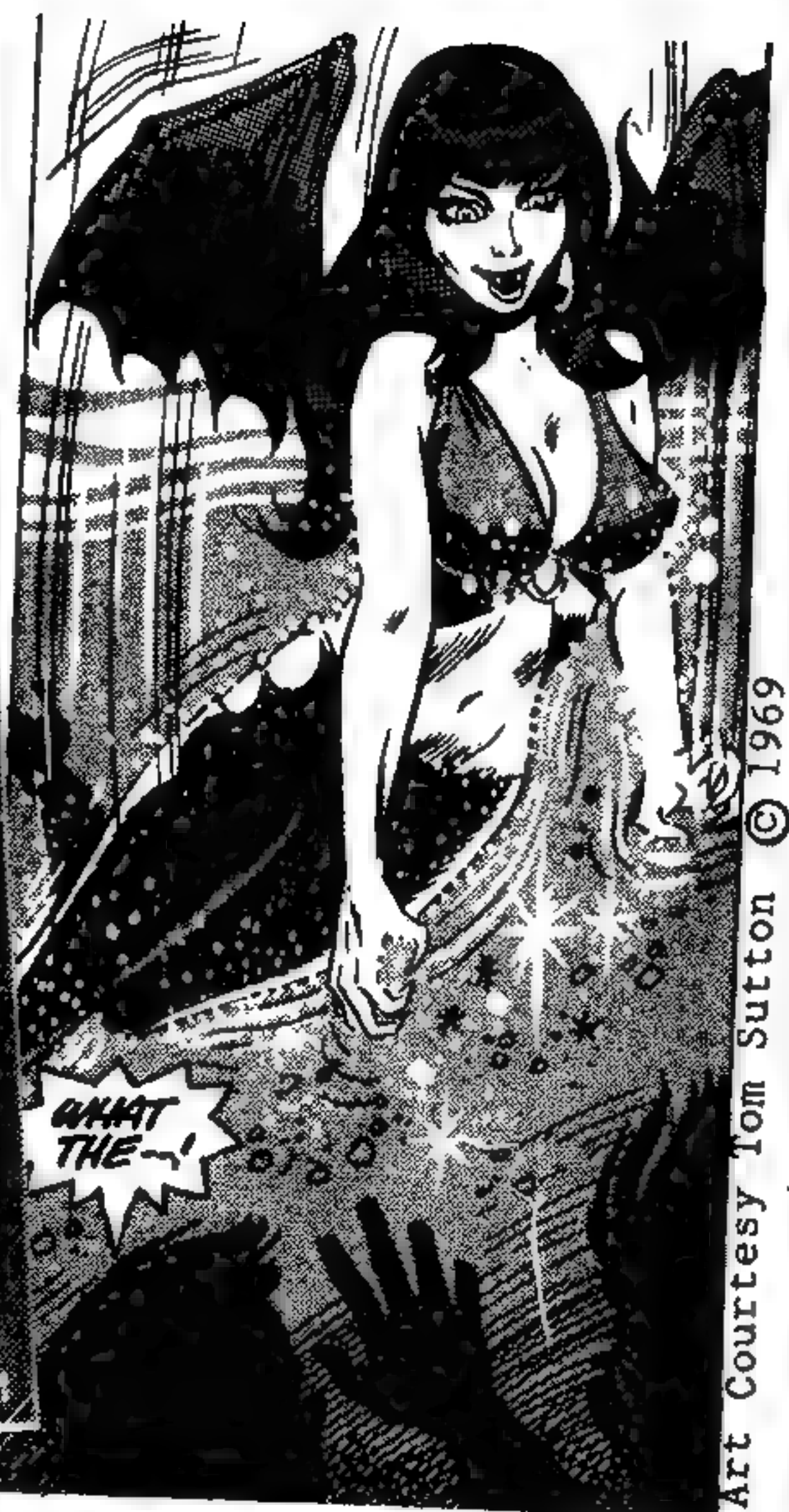
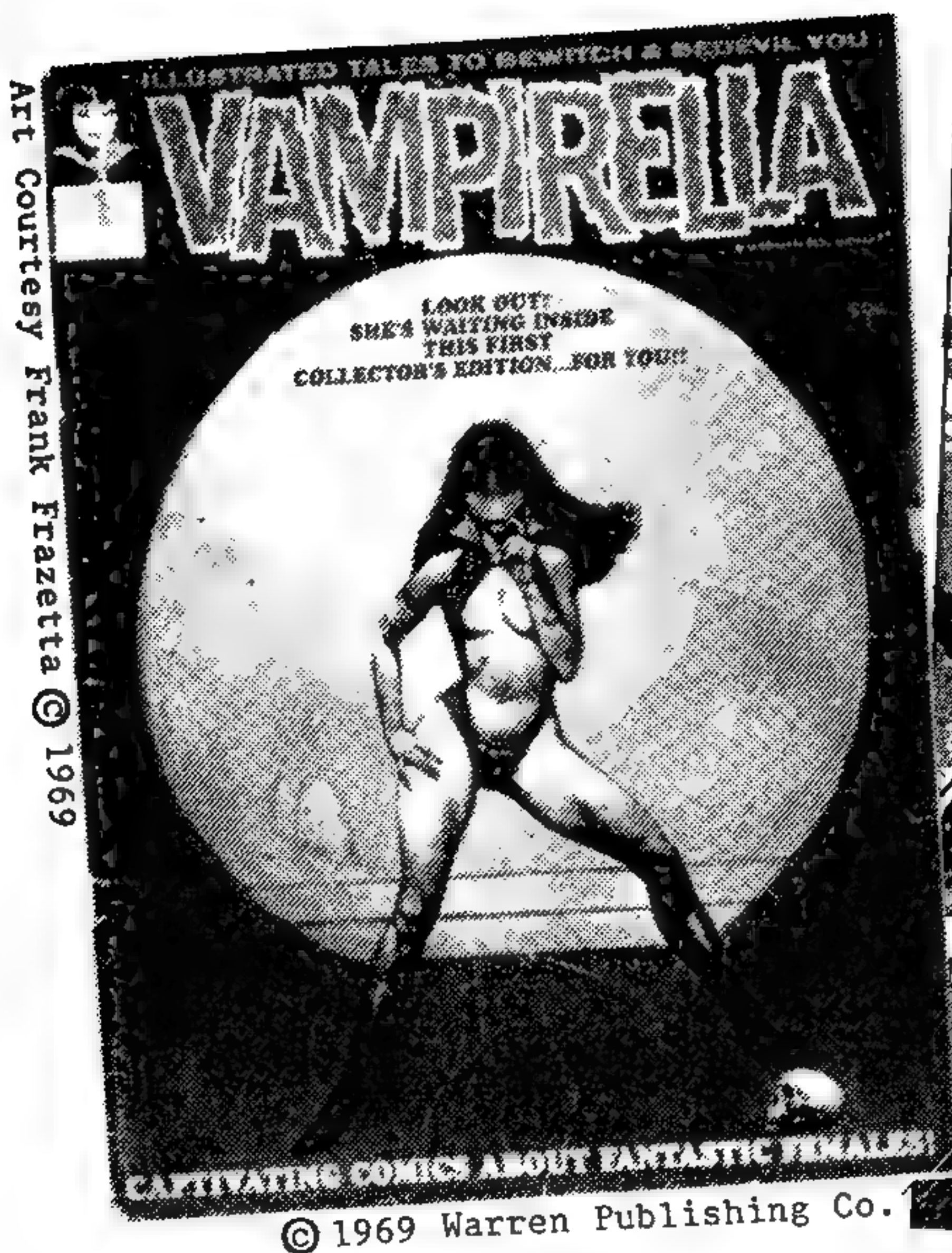
Art Courtesy Reed Crandall © 1965



distributor was after Warren to give in as the other publisher had a much larger line of magazines and was therefore considered a more valuable customer. Warren had one day before he was scheduled to meet with the distributor and the rival publisher to argue his case. He had me and letterer Gaspar Saladino meet with him and, utilizing some inventory material from *Creepy* as well as some material already printed, the three of us cobbled together a pamphlet-sized little magazine emblazoned with the *Eerie* logo already designed for us by our regular letterer, Ben Oda. Warren had simple line repro printing done on it overnight. By the next morning, there were about two hundred copies of "*Eerie #1*" in existence. Some were shipped to other cities where Warren had arranged for them to be displayed for sale. When he went to his meeting, Warren tipped the newsstand operator outside his distributor's building so that several copies of our freshly printed "magazine" would be displayed.

Entering the meeting, Warren handed a shocked distributor and competitor copies of *Eerie #1* and announced that it was on sale downstairs. Confirming this, the pair capitulated (the rival publication wound up being something called, *Beware*,* I believe, and most buyers took it literally; it didn't last long). *Eerie* was on its way and an instant collector's item had been created. The hastily assembled, wretchedly printed little pamphlet that launched the titled would eventually be valued at \$250 by collectors and actually have illegally-reproduced pirated versions of it made for sale to guilible fans. And what actually was intended to be the first issue saw official distribution as *Eerie #2*.

* As mentioned in my article in *GORE SHRIEK #4*, Archie's memory on this title is questionable. I have been unable to find any copy of or reference to a black-and-white horror comic magazine from this period entitled *BEWARE*. Any reader out there who can help, with a copy or info, will be rewarded with an original *GORE SHRIEK* sketch! Until such time, I assume Archie is referring to *Eerie* Publishing and their reprint title *WEIRD* ('65/'66) — SRB



Though Warren's comics started with E.C. as their model, they quickly enough acquired their own identity. E.C.'s stories were for the most part contemporary moral tales, their shock endings and horror elements played out against realistic modern-day settings. The Warren books—because of movie and TV trends at the time they were produced and because of the interest of the artists and writers in those trends—were far more gothic and, early on at least, leaned heavily on the classic monsters and legends of horror. Artist Roy Krenkel, though he only contributed a few one page features of his artwork, was greatly interested in horror literature and the classic pulp magazines of the thirties such as *Weird Tales* and through his enthusiasm turned my interests that way, introducing me to the work of Lovecraft and Howard and changing my thinking in the way the stories might be approached. Fantasy and science-fiction mixed with the straight horror tales; sword and sorcery crept in. We experimented with longer stories and even continued ones and moved away from religious adherence to the shock or twist endings. The magazines, with twice the amount of editorial content as a regular comic book, benefitted from the great variety.

Chiefly, however, the early magazines owed most of their success to the richness of the artwork. Far from being limited by the lack of color, the artists seemed freed by it, able to expand upon their rendering techniques and experiment to suit the needs of the stories, which we tried to tailor to each artist's liking. Hence, Reed Crandall would usually do period pieces that fitted his elaborate and finely detailed pen and ink style, reminiscent of Gibson or Pitz. Gray Morrow favored fully-rendered washes or ink line and craftint tones which he could apply to everything from science-fiction to western settings. Al Williamson preferred fantasy and exotic locales where his combination of

graceful drawing, delicate ink line, and well-patterned blacks and patone shading textures stood out. Angelo Torres liked variety in his stories and plenty of mood and atmosphere to compliment the stark, rich black and whites of his style.

As time went on and some of the original regulars became committed elsewhere, other fine artists were attracted to the Warren books. Alex Toth, whose sense of design is unequalled in comics. Johnny Craig, former editor-writer-artist of E.C., who not only created his own stories but could render them in every technique from crisp brush and ink to pencil and texture-board. Steve Ditko, just leaving a comics-history making run in Marvel's *Spider-Man* and *Dr. Strange*, surprised many people with his mastery of line and wash and his ability to give visual life to Lovecraftian-style horror. Neal Adams, fresh from doing the *Ben Casey* newspaper strip, did his first comics work for Warren since he was a teenager and proved particularly effective at meshing modern illustrative styling with the vitality of cartoon dramatics. Jeffrey Jones's first professionally published comics story appeared in the Warren line.

All of this, plus the appearance of many other fine contributors space limitations prevent me adequately covering, occurred during a two year period. By then, Warren's organization, which had been rapidly expanding, began having financial problems. By going to reprints and gradually rebuilding. Warren not only saved his company but made his magazine line stronger and more successful than before. But these troubles ended what has become one of the strongest remembered periods of his publishing history.

Yet, there was so much more to come. Though I would work for Warren several more times, I was never

again so fully involved as in those first days and my views are those of an outsider. Still, it's hard not to be impressed. Even in the rebuilding period, when budget limited the magazines, striking new talent was developed such as artists Tom Sutton and Ernie Colon and writers Doug Moench and Don McGregor. The books became a place for gaining experience and entrance into mainstream American comics. And gradually more than that. With the introduction of a new title, *Vampirella*, Warren not only began moving out of his financial doldrums, but introduced a long-running continuous character who was to become a major horror-fantasy figure in comics, and one of the most sexy and provocative ones as well.



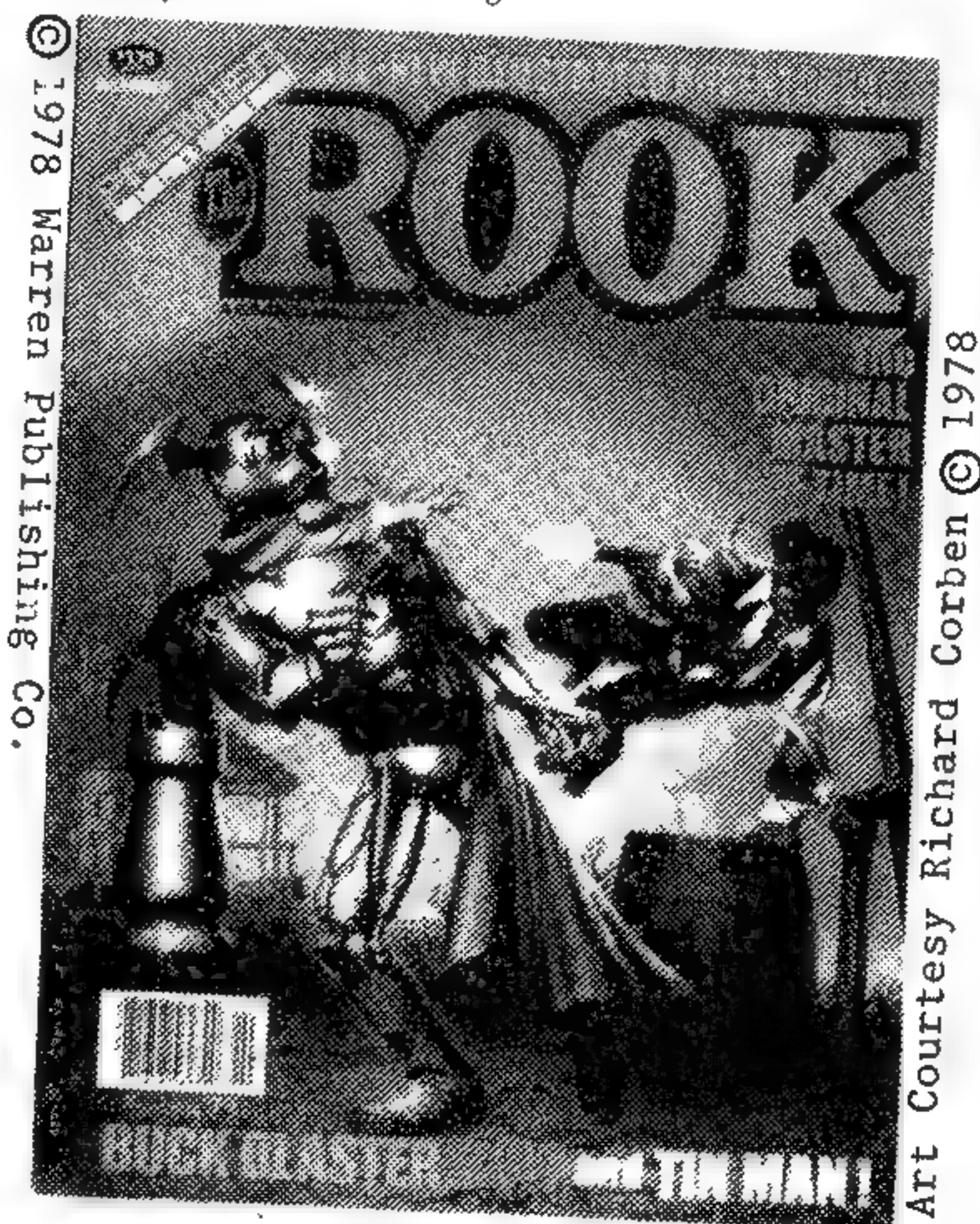
“By going to reprints and gradually rebuilding, Warren not only saved his company but made his magazine more successful than before.”

Vampirella, the character, began as a *Barbarella*-influenced vampiress, created by *Famous Monsters* editor, Forrest J. Ackerman, who wrote her first two adventures in a breezy, tongue-well-in-cheek humor style. Her costume was designed by underground cartoonist, Trina Robbins, and interpreted by Frank Frazetta in an original cover painting that set the style for the character. Tom Sutton handled the art on her stories. Warren decided he wanted the character to have more elaborate adventures with a more serious touch and called me in to revamp (no pun intended) the budding series. I still retained Ackerman's original concept of the character being from a planet of Vampires and relocated through circumstance here to Earth, but grafted on a Lovecratian cult of villains and demons for her to oppose (the Cult of Chaos) and some supporting characters (Conrad and Adam Van Helsing, Pendragon) for her to play against. In the fourth of her new adventures, “Death's Dark Angel,” a beautiful cover by Sanjulian and dazzling interior comics art by Jose Gonzales brought the transformation to its completion and set the standards for the series. Gonzales's version became, and would remain, the definitive Vampirella for the comics series, through the handling of the strip by a number of other writers and a few other artists.

This also marked, more or less, the rejuvenation of Warren's entire line. Bill DuBay, Warren's longest running Editor and shaper of his magazines, would soon take over, bringing a new consciousness for design and graphics to the magazines and a sometimes innovative, sometimes gross stretching of the horror story range. The visual tone of the magazines was set, and the artistic standards raised, by the influx of many fine illustrators from aboard, mostly from Spain through the agency of publisher, Jose Toutain; Esteban Maroto, whose *Dax the Warrior* became one of the most popular of the early experiments with long-running series in *Eerie*; Jose Bea, Jose Ortiz, Fernando Fernandez. And many, many more. The list is long and dazzling and the high quality of the artwork brought a new awareness and appreciation for how strongly the illustrative approach

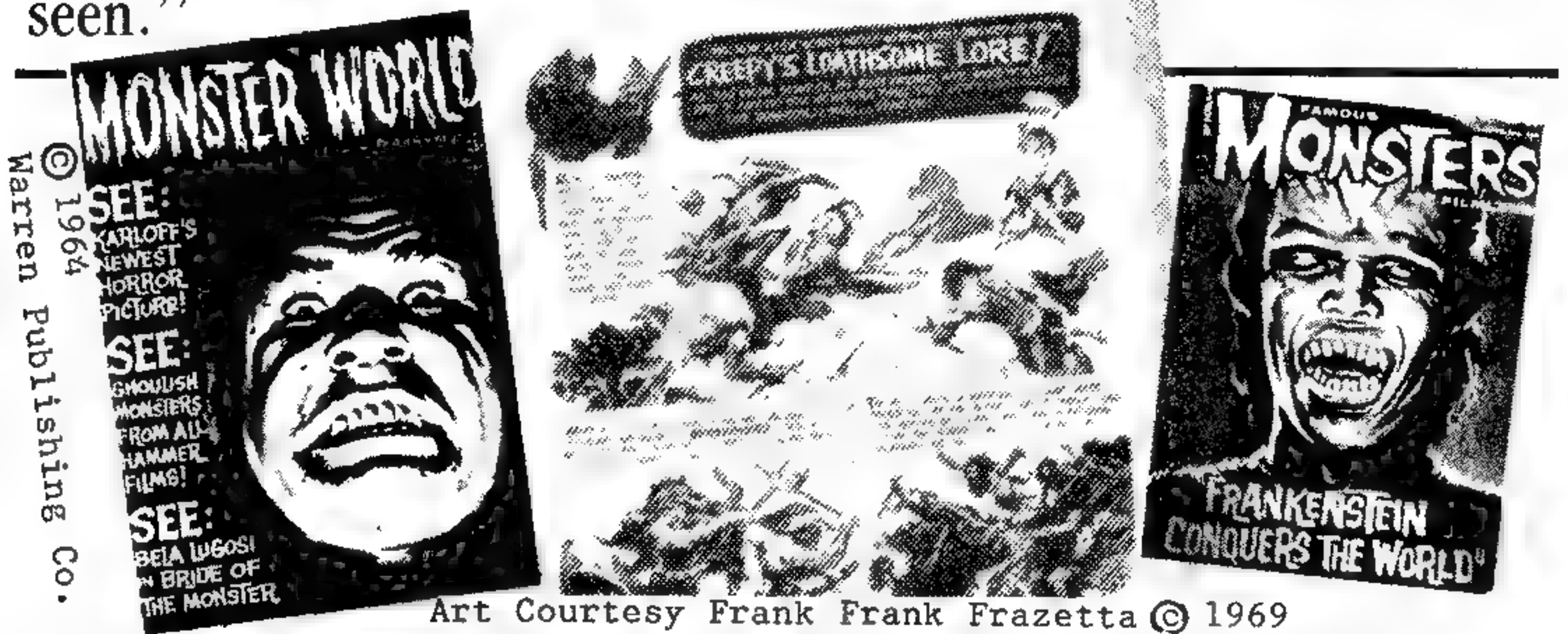
could work on the right comics material. Meantime, impressive American talent was developing and returning to Warren's ranks. Richard Corben began contributing and soon was setting his own standards with full color insert sections in the magazines. Wallace Wood returned with a striking series of sword and sorcery stories. Jeffrey Jones returned for a few stories and Berni Wrightson, having developed on an obscure Warren-imitation called *Web of Horror* and matured as an artist on the *Swamp Thing*, contributed a number of stories and frontispieces that rank with the best material he's ever done.

The high quality continued and perhaps reached its peak with the editorial services of Louise Jones, who took over the regular magazines while DuBay concentrated on specialized titles he had created such as *The Rook* and *1994* (The former a time-traveling not-quite superhero and the latter a science-fiction/fantasy magazine in the *Heavy Metal* vein with a rather uncomfortable blend of satire, sex, and violence). There was no drastic change, but under Jones the editorial blend of the magazines attained a nice balance between the European and American art styles resulting in some of the most visual pleasurable combinations of talents assembled on a regular basis. Opening any given issue, one might find the art of Luis Bermejo, Russ Heath, Esteban Maroto, John Severin, Victor de la Fuente, and Alex Toth, or any other imaginable mixture of some of the finest talents on both sides of the Atlantic. Particularly memorable to me during the period were the short stories written by Bruce Jones and illustrated with the clear, solid draftsmanship and finely detailed rendering of Russ Heath. Jones seemed too out do himself with each new script and Heath, too long typecast as a war comics artist—though he was a superb one—seemed inspired by the variety of opportunity they provided him. Al Williamson returned to do a number of impressive jobs during this time, and some of the newer American talents, previously monopolized by the more mainstream superhero genres, such as Walt Simons, James Starlin, and Paul Gulack were drawn by Louise Jones into contributing.





“Whether the black-and-white horror comic magazines will rise again on the newsstand as they have before remains to be seen.”



Art Courtesy Frank Frank Frazetta © 1969

Perhaps because of the way they continually changed and evolved, the Warren books were never truly, successfully imitated. The very earliest attempts—mostly from publisher Myron Fass—dredged up comic book material from some of the very worst of the fifties horror comics, packaged them in gory and ineptly rendered covers, and sold them cheaply. Perhaps the closest to *Creepy* and *Eerie* in format and quality was the aforementioned *Web of Horror*, which along with Jeffrey Jones and Berni Wrightson, also featured the early work of Michael Kaluta, Ralph Reese, and Bruce Jones, all of whom have become top flight professionals and mainstays in American horror and fantasy art. Skywalk publications, edited by Sol Brodsky, who is perhaps best known for his work as Stan Lee's production chief during Marvel's formative period, also produced several black-and-white horror magazines. With titles like *Psycho*, the magazines didn't seem to be pursuing any goal other than quick sales to the sensational-minded, but good work was done in them and they provided the first American showcase for fantasy painter, Boris Vallejo. The late seventies saw the greatest number of challenges to Warren's lead in the black-and-white field when Marvel expanded into the market-place with over ten titles ranging from *Vampire Tales* and *Monsters Unleashed*, through *Planet of the Apes* and *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu*, to *Savage Tales* and *Savage Sword of Conan*. In time, like every other foray into Warren's area of expertise, the Marvel books withered and died. With so many titles, their overall quality was extremely uneven; brilliant work would appear side-by-side with the slapdash. But at their best they had the vitality and flare that make Marvel's products the most popular among American comics and they successfully expanded the black-and-white magazines beyond the horror/fantasy range staked out by Warren. And they created the only black-and-white magazine besides Warren's to stand the test of time and the market-place, *Savage Sword of Conan*. It, and *Savage Tales* before it when it featured Conan, found a regular and expanding audience and pleased it with an editorial consistency that most of Marvel's other black-and-white lacked. Roy Thomas and Barry Windsor-Smith created a classic in comics with their adaptation of Robert E. Howard's Conan adventure, *Red Nails*. When Conan shifted from *Savage Tales* to the character's own title, *Savage Sword of Conan*, Boris Vallejo, coming into

his maturity as a painter and illustrator, created a memorable series of covers that contributed much to establishing the magazine's look and identity. And from the earliest issues to the present day, artist John Buscema, working with a wide variety of interesting inkers, has set a high and consistent standard for a continuing character, handling twenty-five to forty pages or more stories on a monthly basis since the late seventies.

Besides Marvel, DC and the short-lived comic book company, Atlas, also made brief forays into black-and-white comics magazines, all of them lasting about two issues per title. DC had writer/artist/editor Jack Kirby created two books. He came up with *In the Days of the Mob*, which recreated the life stories of famous gangsters, and *Spirit World*, dealing with psychic phenomena. Both explored subjects Kirby had dealt with more successfully in the late forties and early fifties. Neither found an audience in the early seventies when they appeared. Nor did the magazines of Atlas though the company was formed by Martin Goodman, the original publisher of Marvel when it hit its great success in the sixties. Their horror book titles were extremely uneven and even their titles, such as *Weird Tales of the Macabre*, seemed to cry out for more editing than they got. Still, a non-horror Atlas magazine, *Thrilling Adventure Stories*, with its second and final issue managed to offer a package of talent worthy of Warren: Russ Heath, John Severin, Alex Toth, and Walt Simonson, who illustrated a story I wrote that I consider one of my best.

Today, the time of the black-and-white comics magazine in the U.S. newsstand market seems to have passed. Warren has ceased publishing; only *Savage Sword of Conan*, still monthly and still one of Marvel's biggest money-makers, continues to successfully survive.

It's sad. The black-and-white approach to comics art extends back to the field's earliest days forms and offers the work in its purest form. Some of the richest examples appeared in the pages of Warren's books. Whether the black-and-white horror comic magazines will rise again on the newsstand as they have before remains to be seen. Whether they do or not, they've offered a long and interesting alternative to mainstream American comics and pointed the way for other alternatives as well. I'll miss them very much if they're gone for good, but I'm proud to have been part of them for the time they were around.

MALOCCHIO

< EVIL EYE >

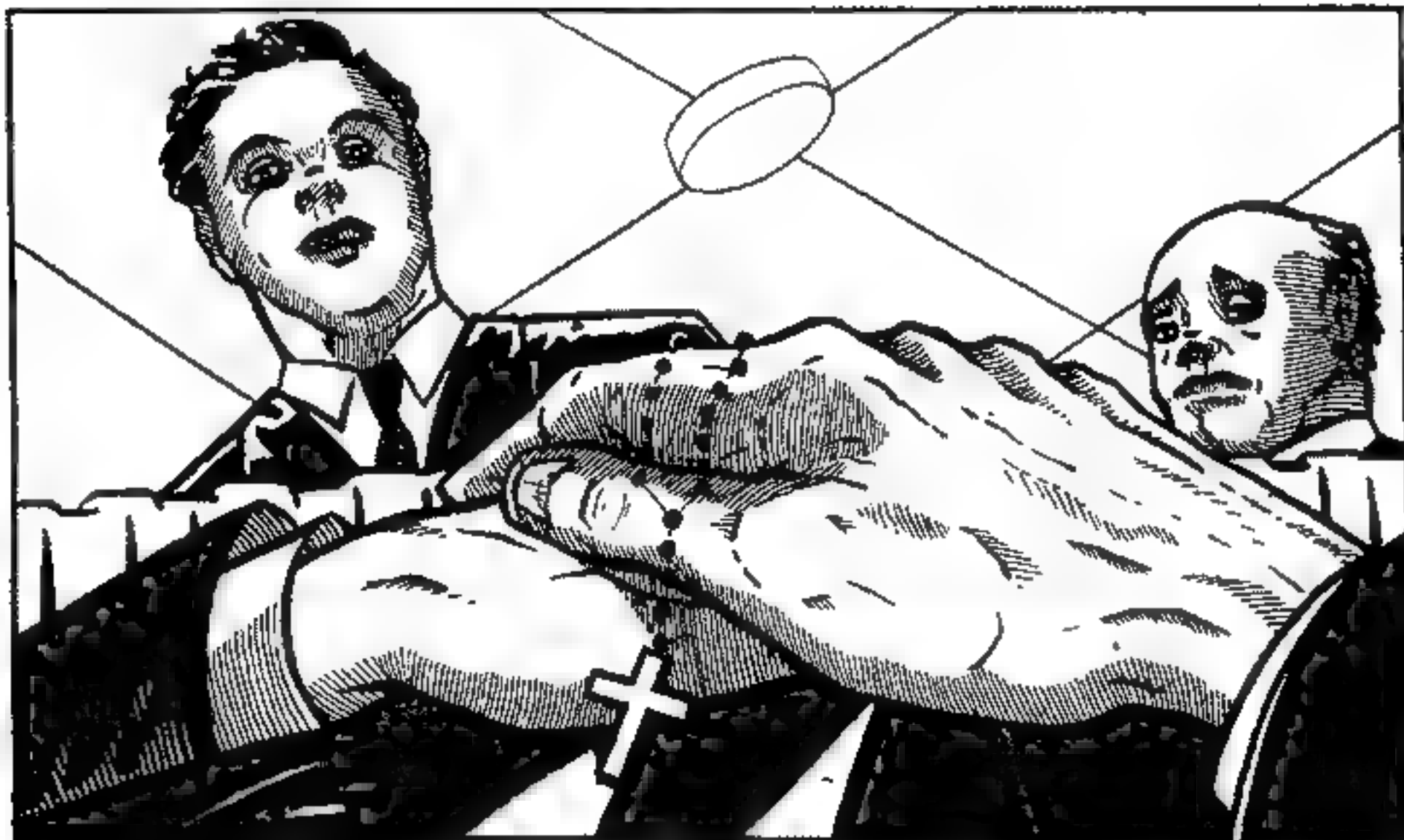
"THE THOUSAND INJURIES OF FORTUNATO I HAD BORNE AS I BEST COULD,
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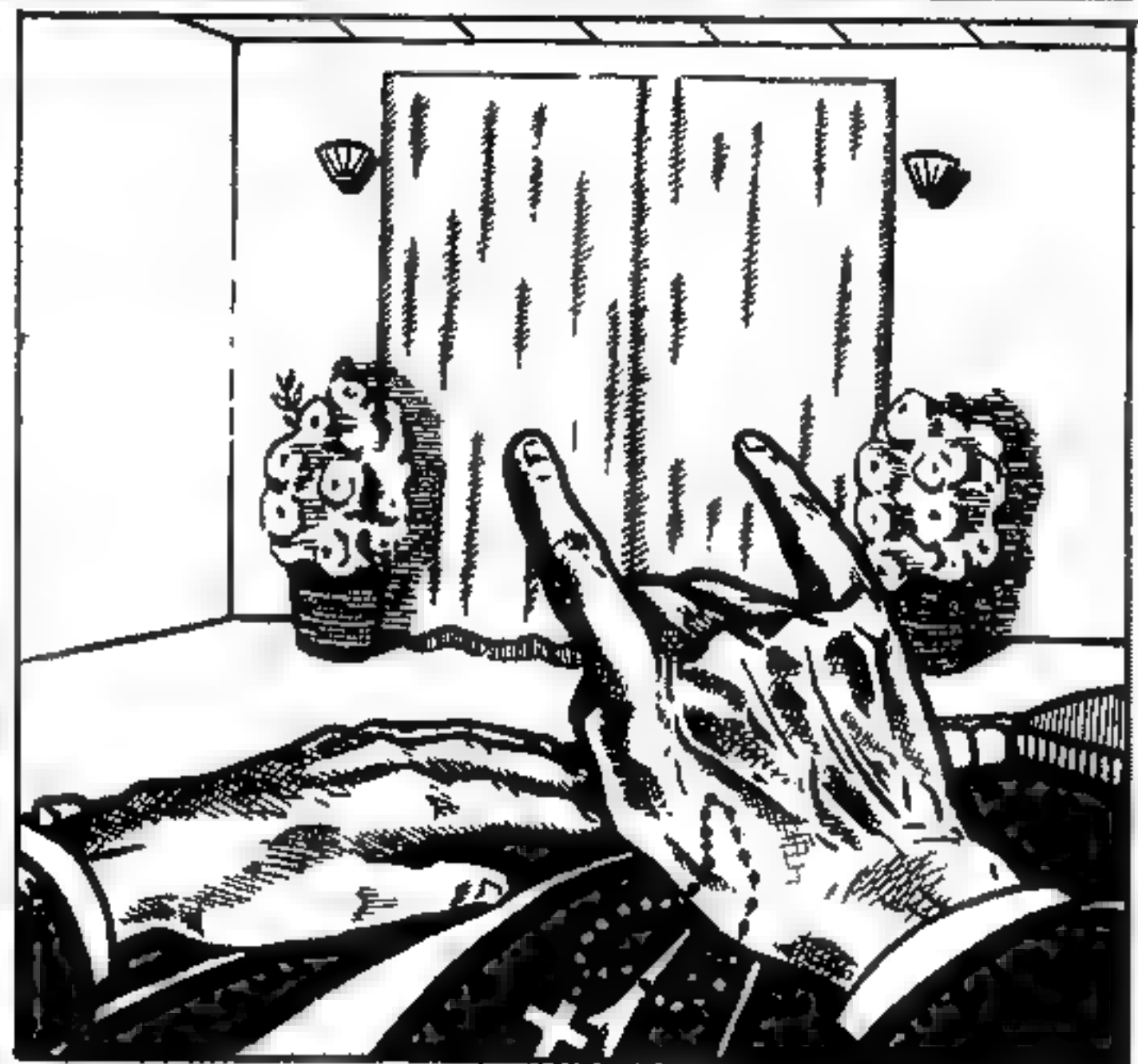
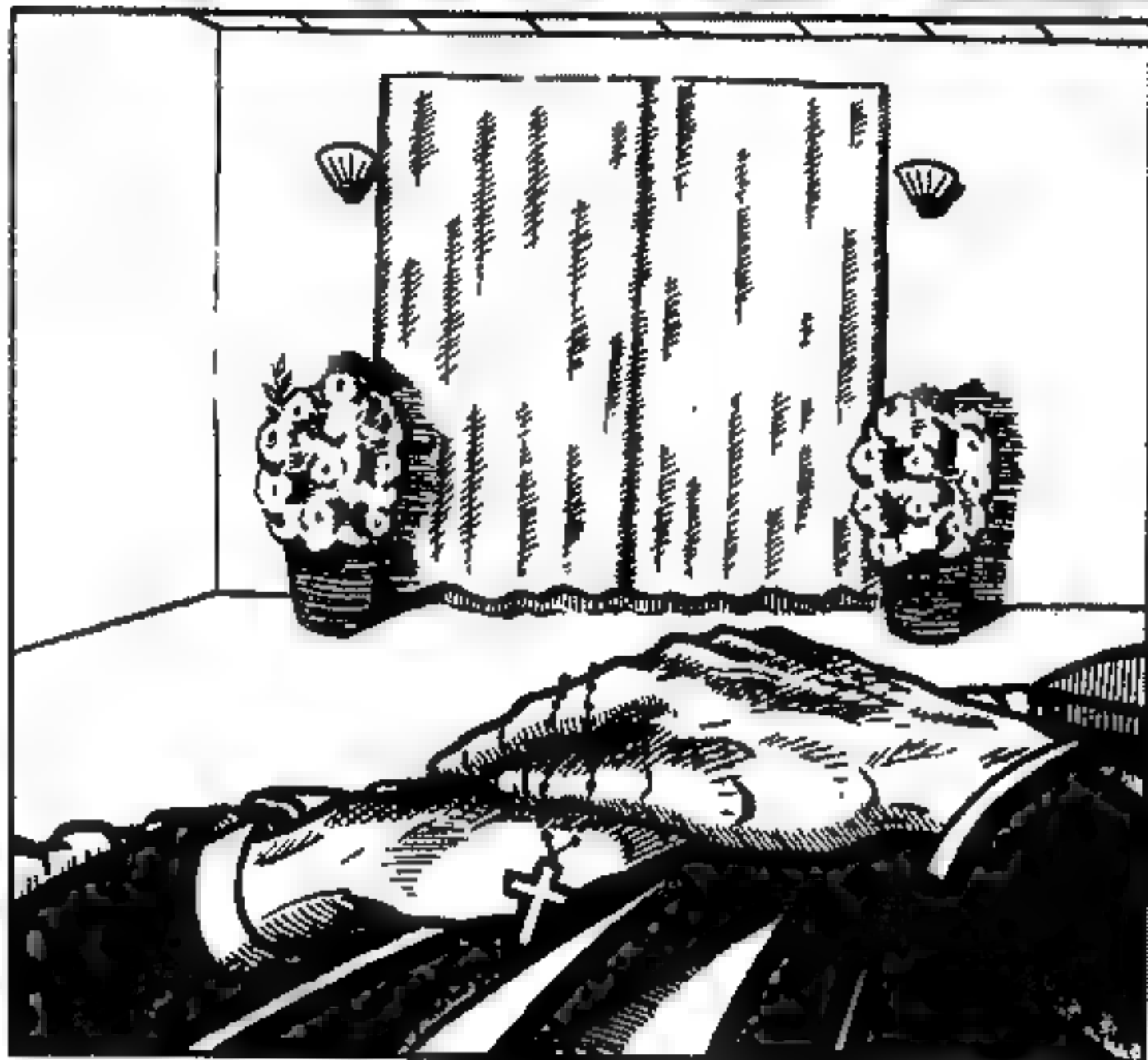
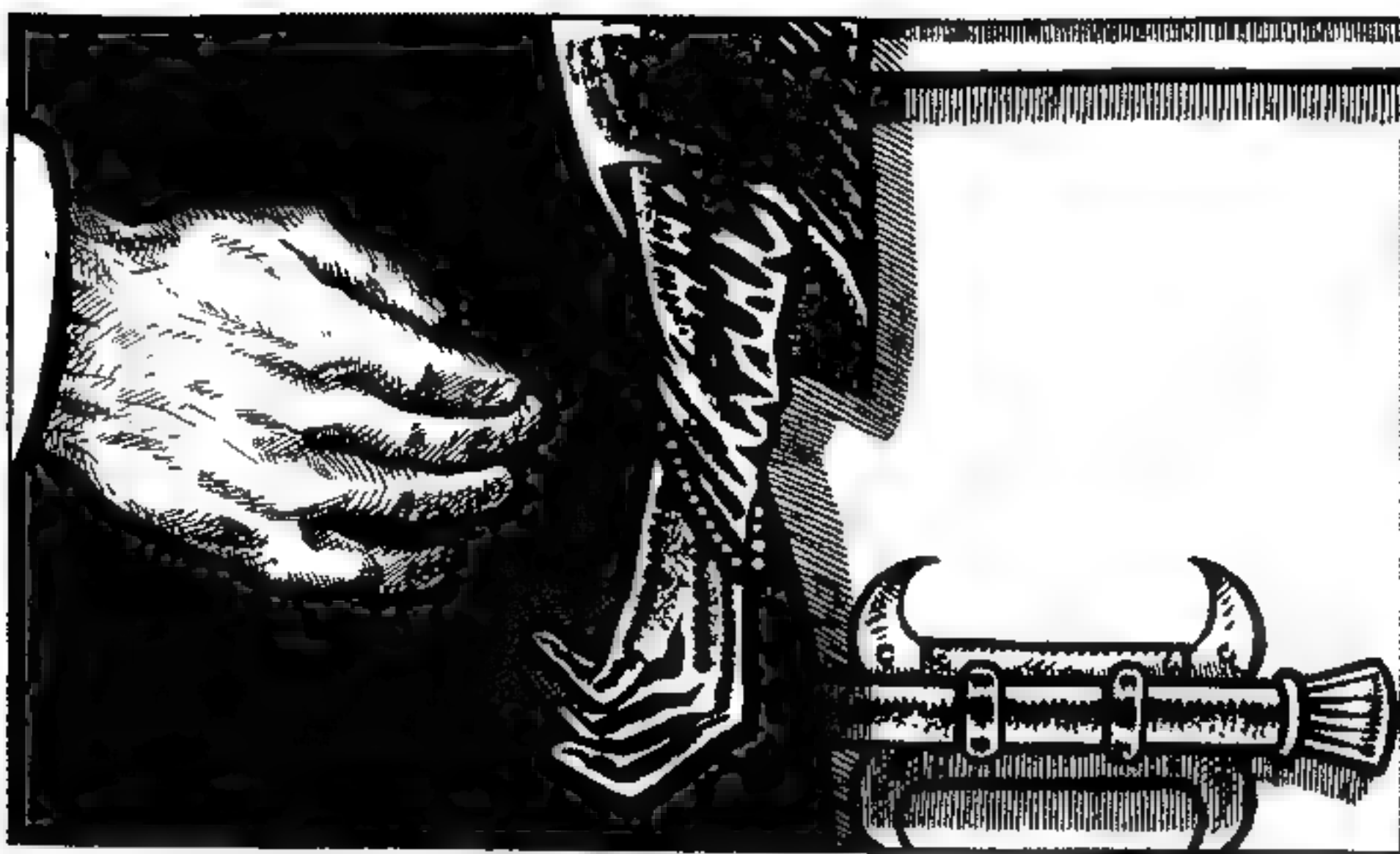
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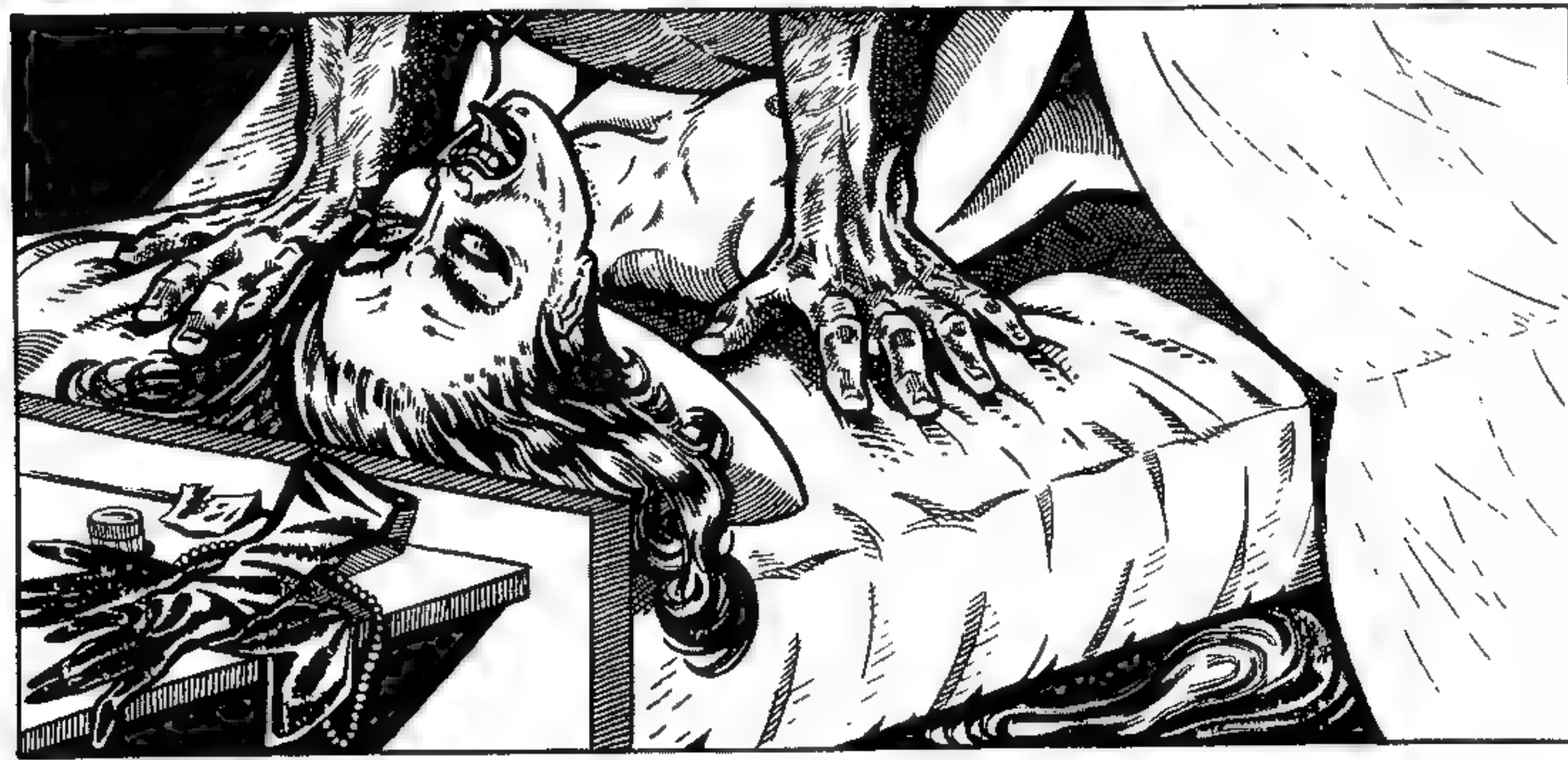


PELLETIERE © 88





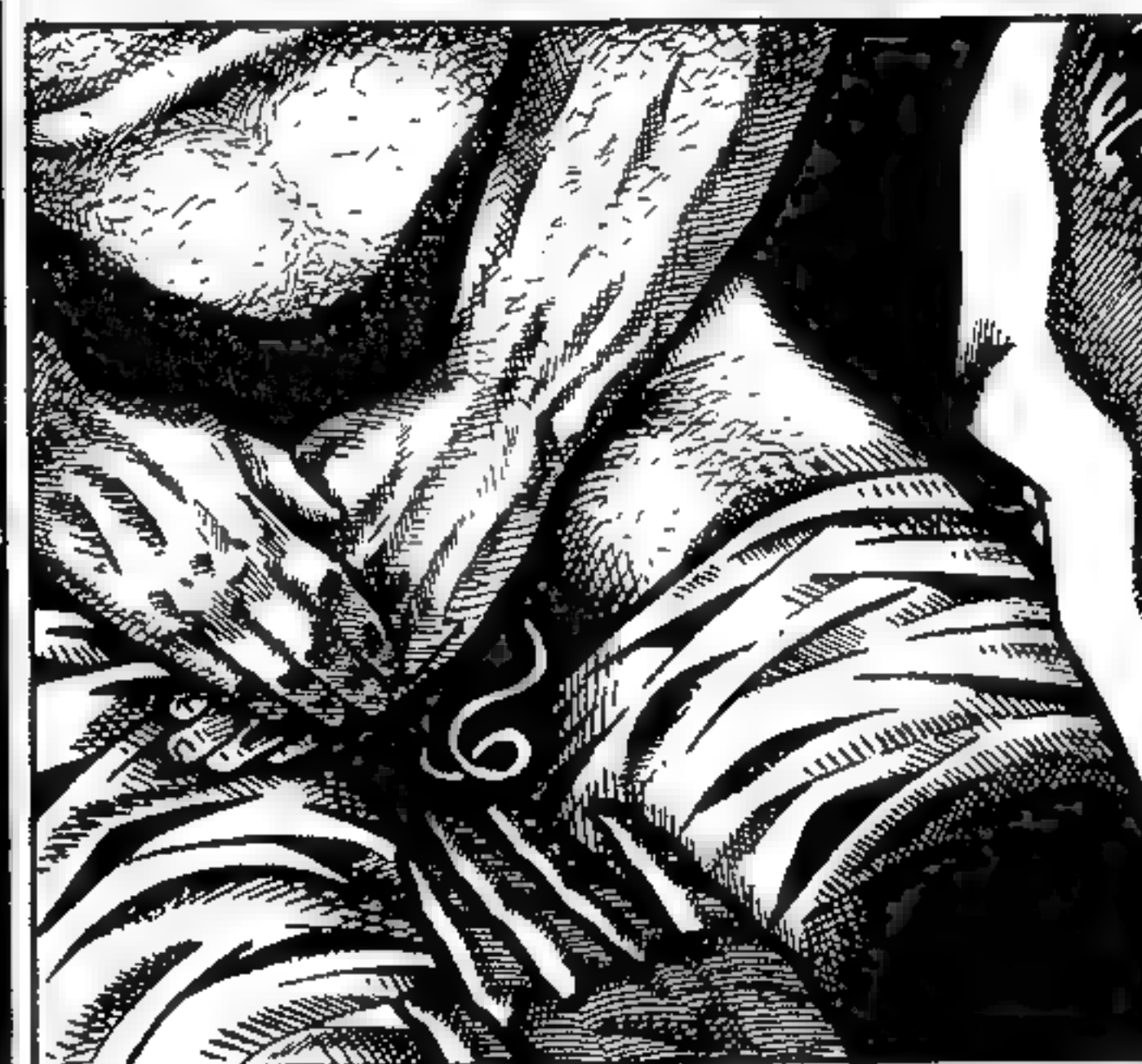


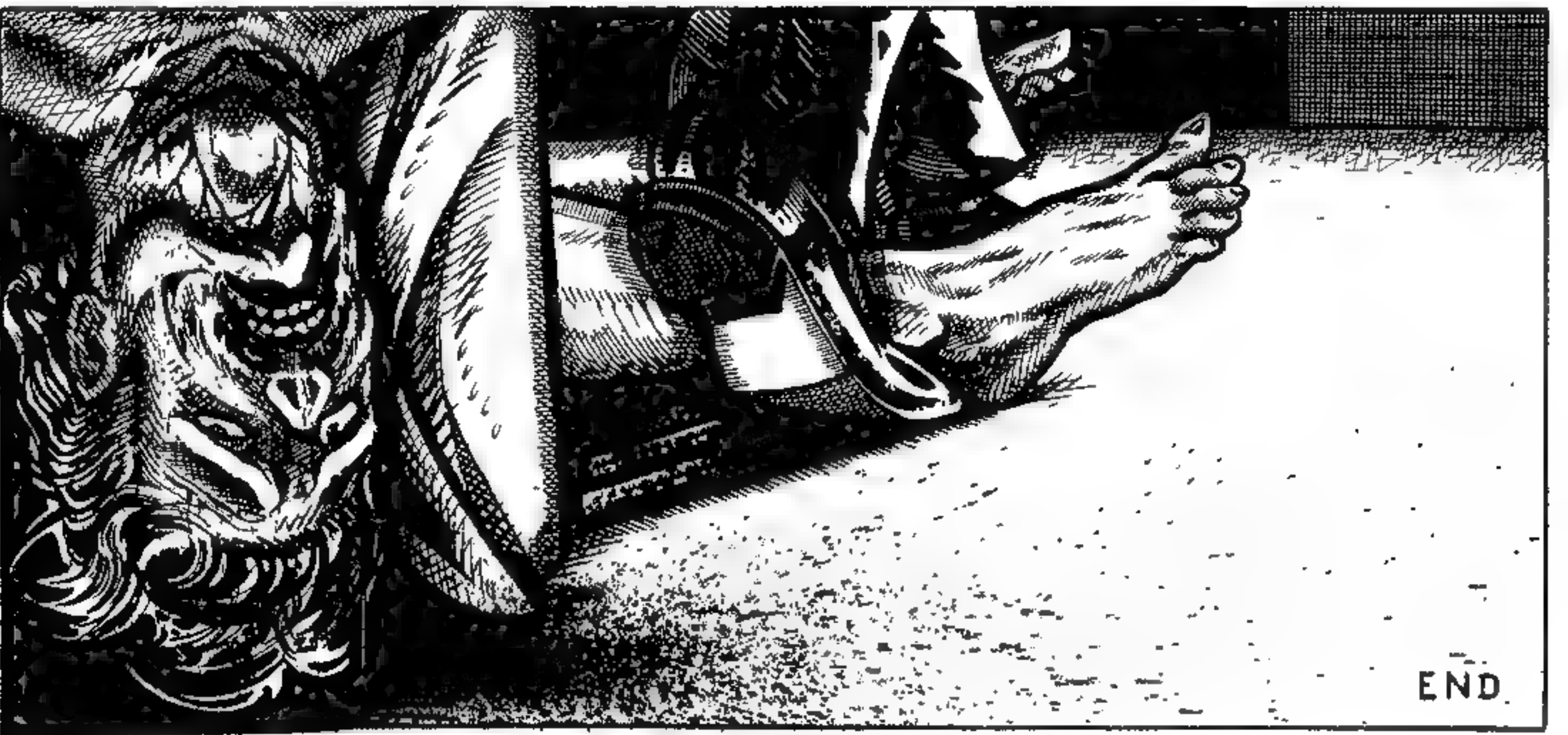












We're catching up on four issues' worth of mail,
sooooo let's start on first base
with letters garnered by GORE SHRIEK #1...

Gory Shrieks!



Publisher and Executive Editor
Tom Skulan

Managing Editor
Steve Bissette

Article Design
Mario Bruni

Gore Shriekers,

Oh, yeeessss... this is very nice. A boney thumbs-up for GORE SHRIEK #1. My personal favorites are "Zombie Tool Shed" and "Cottonmouth". The credit page was also deliciously gruesome. Can't wait for more.

In closing may I humbly offer a suggestion. How about red ink in addition to the black to bring out the GORE.

Horridly,
Creepy Rick
Neurotic Bop
Troy, MI

(No plans as yet for color, much the red and black combo a la the underground comic THRILLING MURDER or the cutprice posters for flicks like MARK OF THE DEVIL and LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT hmmm, not such bad company to be in, eh? We'll think on it. As for bringing GORE out, we let him out this issue, and there's been nothing but hell to pay.)

GORESHRIEK

Clearly #1 was the best horror comic I've read all year. Gornfic! Fabulous! Smashing! Horrible! Gnashingly graphic art by Bruce Spaulding Fuller. Love the panels that lurch out at you! Great black-white art/shading. All of his pages promised original layout in bold steps against the established mediocritty in comic art.

Comparing GORE SHRIEK to stuff like *Twisted Tales* (pretty good) and *Tales of Terror* (also decent), whose shit compared to BSF (Also, stories too serious in other comics) Don't stop handing over the grub on a bloody platter for whoever has bought GORE SHRIEK.

Some suggestions Stories were OK; more blood splattering, dismembering; more chicks, preferably bleeding; more pages?

I'd like to know how it's selling Is it a hit? Will you guys be able to turn a profit? When's the next one coming out?

P.S. What other stuff has been published by B. Spaulding Fuller? How can I get it?

Eric Helwig
Hudson, WI

(Okay, Eric, thank for the compliments, and hope we're keeping you happy. As for your suggestions, we trust the 64 page format is to your liking, and we're doing our best to keep the quality of stories and art right up there, too. "More chicks, preferably bleeding"...? You must be a lot of fun on dates... seriously, GORE SHRIEK is continuing to do well, and selling enough to ensure its survival. Bruce's work also appears in the first two issues of MARS ATTACKS minicomics, #3 of DEEP RED (with more to come in future issues), and he will continue to appear on the covers and in the pages of GORE SHRIEK, as well as the upcoming GORE SHRIEK posterbook. Bruce is also hard at work on some projects for Fantaco, as well as doing makeup and effects for films soon to be available in your local video shop... details to be found in later issues of DEEP RED and GORE SHRIEK.)



Dear Mr. Bruce,

I've just read through GORE SHRIEK No. 1 and I was really impressed with the art work. I just love it I don't usually collect comic books I'm a monster mag collector. But being an artist myself GORE SHRIEK caught my eye. It's just my kind of comic book. Great work Bruce. Keep it up. GORE SHRIEK looks very promising and your work exciting. I hope GORE SHRIEK reaches it's potential. Good luck.

Sincerely,
Ron Chamberlain
Ron's Make-Up Lab
Trenton, NJ

(Ron makes "Hand-maid (SIC) monster masks" and drew a righteous severed head on his envelope. Hey, Mr. Bruce ain't here, but sez thanx anyway... and we hope the article in #4 proved of interest to you monster mag fans, see pg. 36 of this issue for more info on a rare zine, and rest assured there's more to come.

GORE SHRIEK

Love your first two issues. . especially Rolf Stark's unusual story. I keep going back to it for another look. My guess is the printing muddled it up a bit, but what I can see still is fascinating. More Rolf Stark, please! Perhaps some linework would work better, but please keep him busy in any case.

Michael Snow
Richmond, Virginia

(The printing indeed "muddled up" Rolf's story, "War", but we may be able to do it justice in a future reprint and we're keeping Rolf plenty busy, with a new story coming in #6.)

Gore Shriek,

I am completely overwhelmed by the things you people come up with. For some time, I've been waiting for something like this to come along. And now it has!

The first issue rules! I just love Bruce Spaulding Fullers work. He is

the most! I loves every gutt of issue #1. Issue #2 is a different story.

The Need for Speed is radical! Bill Townsend is cool. War is the stupidest strip I've ever seen. Put words in with the pictures and have Bruce do the art. (No offense to Rolf Stark.)

The Devil-Boy
4129 W 5950 So
Kearns, UT 84118

(Watch out, Devil-Boy. You hear that scratching at your door? Better take a look before you open it up... It might be Rolf, out for blood!)



To: Gore Shriek

You people are coming into the field at a difficult time. Not long ago, there were no horror books on the market. Now we have *Tales of Terror*, *Death Rattle*, *Taboo*, *39 Screams*, *Whispers and Shadows*, *Deadworld*, *The Crypt*, *Shock Therapy*, and *Gore Shriek* either out or scheduled. The field may well be saturated. Some of the not-very-good ones may not last too long.

Where does this leave *Gore Shriek*? Well, the book is good—not great, but good. The worst aspect of the first issue was Bruce Spaulding Fuller's work. His art is hard to look at, has no sense of tone, and he uses irregular panels and violates borders for no apparent reason. His writing on "Zombie Toolshed" had nothing of interest.

con't

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Can't

Kevin McReavy's writing has potential. The plot holds together, though it was fairly standard modern comicbook horror.

The untitled piece by Townsend and Capullo was, on the other hand, something very different. It didn't so much attempt to evoke fear as it did try to comment on fear. I'd like to see more by these two! While the art had quite a number of influences, it was not "stolen" from anyone. Plus (My God!) shading and tone!



Bissette's piece showed how this man's art helped revive horror in comics. While the writing seemed a bit too topical, it was effective. Maybe you could also get some work out of his old partner, Perry?

Good luck with the book—smooth off its rough edges. And this book could lead the pack!

Nat Gutter
Nathan Gertler
Maple Shade, NJ

(Yo, Nathan... that scratching at your door... it might be Bruce... out of blood, looking for a refill... Other than that, thanx for the good words, and we hope the changes we've made with #4 and #5 puts us closer to the lead!)

To Gore Shriek,

I have "collected" the first two comics from your series and I'd like to inquire when number three shall be coming out, because I have

checked my local comic shop where I bought the number one and two, and they had the nerve to say they don't sell good!!!! And I'd also like to say that I absolutely "adore" the illustration it is totally phenomenal! I myself have desperately "tried" to draw the cover of Gore Shriek number one. I am somewhat considered a good drawer, but what I wouldn't give to draw like Bruce Fuller, Greg Capullo, Steve Bissette and Rolf Stark. Thank you for the fantastic Gore Shriek in the comic world.

Yours still Death...
Jason Quintal
Hudson, NH

To Whom it May Concern—

I really enjoy this comic, especially for its level of gore. Give it to me straight. The creative and editorial side of Gore Shriek is really mysterious, though. Maybe you should have an editorial page, or some bios about the creators. Is Stephen Bissette involved with the production of Gore Shriek or does he just contribute regularly? Anyhow, keep it bloody.

Thanks,
Conan Walker Purves
Berkeley, CA 94705

(The creative and editorial side is pretty mysterious to us, too... as for your suggestion about a bio page, we'll canvas the contributors and see if they want the seedier aspects of their existence plastered into print. Bissette was just a lowly contributor through #4; with this issue, he is managing editor as well. He manages, or we feed him to GORE.)

Dear Sirs—

I have been a comic enthusiast and collector for the last 19 years and have made a lot of gain (Not money) in the last 5 years. I have sold my collection three (3) times in the past (The last one being in 1980) and have sworn that I'll never part with it again, after having to build it up again each time (Life is too stressful as it is).

About a year ago, I came across a

comic named "Gore Shriek" I bought the first issue and liked it very much. Not only were the stories well done, but the art for this type of book, the Art. Ah, what excellence.

Now, you might find me a trifle finicky, but I buy all my comics on art appeal. If the art isn't any good, forget it. The art in "Gore Shriek" was so good for a horror comic, that I had to have the first issue.



The only thing is, is that I thought it was just a one-shot (since my dealer didn't have any others and never received any more new ones). I just received my new issue of the "Comic Book Buyer's Guide" only to find... a whole page advertisement for "Gore Shriek" as the best Horror Comic there is. I'll go for that.

However, My dealer doesn't have any more and all I have is issue #1. I guess what it all boils down to, is...

Will you sell me a copy of #2, & #3.

Dino Sabetta
Irvine, CA

(We sure will! Read on...)

Dear Sirs,

I would like to congratulate you on your GORE SHRIEK comic, it's great! The stories and art are top material. This is the comic I've been waiting for. All my friends read it too, so we'll all be supporting it heavily.

How about a GORE SHRIEK T-shirt?

Please continue to publish it.

Thanks,
Tim Hardin
St. Charles, MO

(With support like yours, we will certainly continue to publish: As for back issues and the NEW GORE SHRIEK T-SHIRT (!!!), which everyone at Fantaco except the managing editor seem to have, just move your glassy blinkers over to the right and place your order!)



Hey, more letters next issue... till then, why not drop a line? Write of GORE and SHRIEK (GORE will just use your papers to line his nest, so maybe you should just write to SHRIEK) here at: GORY SHRIEKS Fantaco Enterprises 21 Central Avenue Albany, New York 12210-1391

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Intruders

Tom Veitch, too, was there

Tom was in the thick of the underground comix movement, living in San Francisco and writing some of the most barrowing horrors to emerge from the scene. His collaborations with artist Greg Irons in the pages of SKULL and SLOW DEATH led to their own titles, LEGION OF CHARLIES, GRUNT, and DEVIANT SLICE. Tom was forced by the collapse of the undergrounds to move on, writing poetry, novels, and philosophical texts. He has recently re-emerged in the comics industry, moving from short tales in SGT. ROCK and DEATH RATTLE to creating and writing (in collaboration with artist Cam Kennedy) THE LIGHT AND DARKNESS WAR for Epic Comics — SRB

I always knew this stuff would come back to haunt me.

But when I kissed "underground horror comix" goodbye in 1973, little did I suspect that I'd be returning 15 years later to take her out to dinner.

Steve Bissette asked if I'd recap the era as part of his series on "horror in the comics". It seemed to me a useful exercise, if for no other reason than to *exorcise* a portion of the hideous past....

So I said "sure". And Steve lent me his virtually

I am going to describe and I am going to lay down some deep shit—huge and fearsome thoughts that come rushing at me as I peruse these holy pages from a time when the dark side of human imagination was released, without limits, to ravage the lands of the civilized and the uptight....

PART I

In early 1973 Bill Griffith, the George Bush of the undergrounds, published an article in *The San Francisco Phoenix* attacking the underground artists and writers who were doing horror and science fiction. Griffith, who couldn't draw very well, had it in for the guys who could, especially Richard Corben and his "inflated rubber women with bulbous 48-inch chests."

Griffith claimed to be a purist who believed that underground comix should be the preserve of the outrageous humor and "relevance" initiated by Crumb and Shelton. This from the guy whose success, such as it was, was founded on a title called *Young Lust*, which sold mainly in X-rated bookstores.

O.k., I'd say forgive and forget, but Griffy, whose pinhead character now graces the pages of your local

At The Gates

complete collection. And I read 'em. And everything came crawling back, out of the slimy subterranean caves of memory....

...With Steve's help I assembled a binder of the *best* stories of that time—a 200-page anthology of underground horror. Talk about "dangerous visions"!

It's a book that should be published, and if Steve has his way, it *will* be published. It's a book that everyone from horror aficionados to intellectuals and art critics will want to read. It's a book that *should* be read by anybody who has the courage to let his mind rove the *extremes* of conscious possibility.

At the moment our anthology of underground horror exists as a kind of "necronomicon", of which there is only *one* copy, handbound in human leather, tooled with esoteric designs, sitting in a glass case in my sub-cellar library....

We've arrived at a fairly definitive list of the contents of this anthology, but we are wide open for your suggestions. If we've missed an artist or a story that you feel is a classic, please let us know, and we'll check it out.

I am going to describe the contents of this forbidden tome to you...and you will see some of the awesome images of which I speak, decorating the pages of this treatise.

newspaper (and may soon be a movie), allowed the article to be reprinted a few years ago and said he still agrees with the sentiments he expressed in '73. Here's the Griff, in that article, taking offense at the influx of "E.C. revivalists" into the undergrounds:

"I've spied the intruders at the gates. . . I watched them ooze over the balustrades. I can hear them now chomping noisily on rancid intestines over in the corner. And I **don't** get it! Why does the underground audience want that kind of crap? ...What's "underground" about rotting corpses? ...And all that half-baked, crackpot science fiction creeping onto the racks that was pathetic back in the '50's when it was at least new?"

And so forth. Griffith seems most incensed at what he calls "overground concerns" creeping into the realm that was previously the private preserve of "revelational, cathartic, and beautiful" comix like *Mr. Toad* and *Young Lust*.

Yeah. The reason I mention Griffy's article is that a few weeks after it appeared in *The Phoenix*, I wrote an "answer" article for the same newspaper. Some of the ideas I expressed then are worth repeating, because, like Griffy, I still agree with 'em. I intend to expand on them in this article. They were true then, they're still true, and like the comix themselves, they lead down down down to even greater revelations:

Of The Mind.

HORROR IN THE UNDERGROUNDS

1968-1975

—a Necronomicon that really exists—

by Tom Veitch

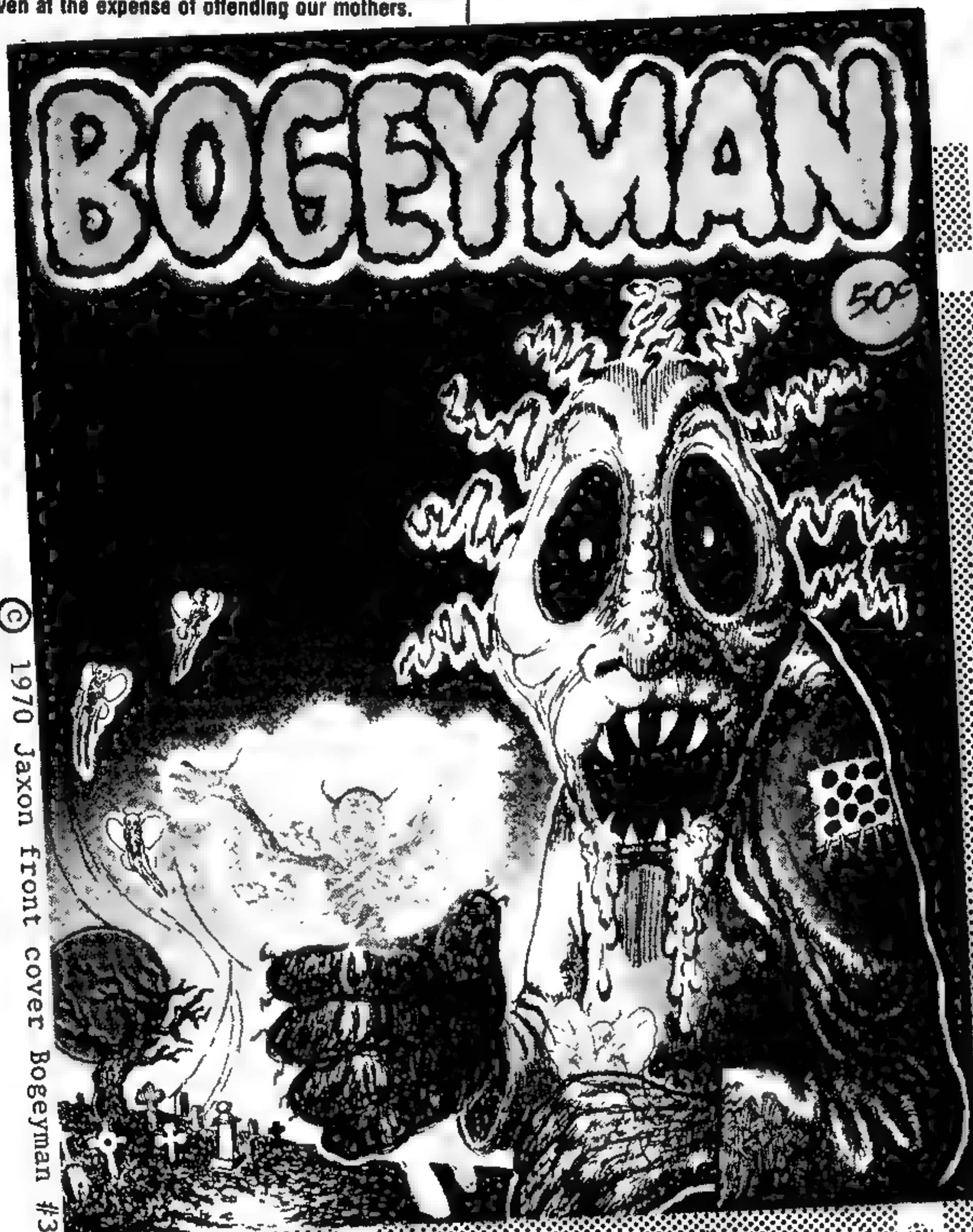


© 1970 Rick Griffin & R. Hayes The Door is Always Open, Bogeyman #3

Old ladies often stop us on the street and ask—'GI/TV, why do you *do* this heavy shit? What does it all mean?' We look back at 'em through impenetrable grins, and the words of the immortal Fats Waller come like dewdrops to our lips: "—Lady, if ya don't know by now, *don't mess with it!*"

Actually, we've formulated a whole philosophy of comix. In its starkest terms it exists as three words: **THINK THE UNTHINKABLE.**

If there's anything in the universe we're not supposed to think, we want to think it. Even at the expense of selling fewer comix than the dudes who do funny hippie dope stories. Even at the expense of offending our mothers.



The theory is that once all the demons are out of Pandora's Twat, you'll find a big lump of gold there. And a secret doorway to another world...

Look at it another way—

The release of everyone's hidden fantasies through the medium of U.G. Comix is a good and holy exorcism of the abysmal life-dread (and death-dread) in the American psyche. It is a necessary revelation because the American can no longer hide from the face of his demon. The Vietnam war has made him all too conscious of how evil he is... Our illusory realities are held together by paper and glue and the whole shithouse is about to go up in chunks...

There's more stuff, about the printed page being a continuum where anything goes, where black and white, light and darkness play out of the mind's power to visit the most terrifying and awesome extremes. We'll be talking about some of that as we proceed.

But first, let me introduce to you, the one, the only, the man himself...

ROBERT CRUMB

Yes, horror by Crumb.

Horror for Crumb means drawing pictures of people chopping other people up with knives and axes. He does it in at least three stories, two which I'll mention here.

The first is a one-pager called "Nuts Boy" that appeared in *Bogeyman* #2 (1969).

Bogeyman had an interesting genesis. It was the brain-baby of Gary Arlington and Rory Hayes, who worked in Arlington's comic book store on 23rd Street in the Mission District of San Francisco.

In "The Editor Reminisces" in *Bogeyman* #1, Gary dwells on the history of his infatuation with E.C.'s, and of his hopes and plans for producing a line of horror and science fiction books in the E.C. tradition.

The art and stories in *Bogeyman* #1 are, to be generous, very primitive. But they have that touch of *raw psychosis* that was to become one of the hallmarks of underground horror. Rory Hayes was the real thing. To meet him was to know the truth about his art—that strange bloodless face with the cracked friendly grin, one eye thinking one thing and the other eye completely out of control...

Although the impetus for publishing *Bogeyman* came from the appearance of *Zap* #1 and *Feds 'N' Heads*, *Bogeyman* wasn't billed as an "underground" comic. Indeed, it seems that Arlington saw himself at the forefront of a return to the glory days of the overgrounds' But Crumb and the Zap gang knew a soul-brother when they



© 1970 Slow Death #2

saw one. Both Arlington and Hayes quickly became celebrated figures on the burgeoning scene, and a number of artists contributed to #2 and #3, including Jay Lynch, Jim Osborne, Rick Griffin, Kim Deitch, Simon Deitch, S. Clay Wilson, Jaxon, Spain Rodriguez, Greg Irons, and Robert Crumb.

Arlington launched other titles, including *San Francisco Comic Book*, and, most notably, *Skull*. He also thought up the name for the sci-fi eco-horror book, *Slow Death*. He quickly evolved into a guru of sorts, and his store became a mecca where artists came to hang out and trade artwork for the precious old E.C.'s Gary was unearthing..



© 1971 Spain Rodriguez Skull #3

© 1969 Robert Crumb Nuts Boy Boogeyman #2



According to Arlington, Crumb's "Nuts Boy" is based on a character that Rory Hayes and his brother Jeffrey used to draw when they were kids. "Nuts Boy" is a simple tale of madness and gore: It begins with an image of a TV-transmitter tower radiating rays out over a smoking city "Twilight shadows loom over the streets as psychotic impulses are controlled by prime-time media networks... But there is one whose impulses cannot be controlled...."

Cut to Nuts Boy himself sitting knees-up in front of a TV set. "Ho hum! Teevee bores me any more!!" he says "I must go out an' kill me a girl!"

The rest of the strip shows Nuts Boy acting out his decision. He slices a young woman in half with an axe and then chops her into bits and pieces.

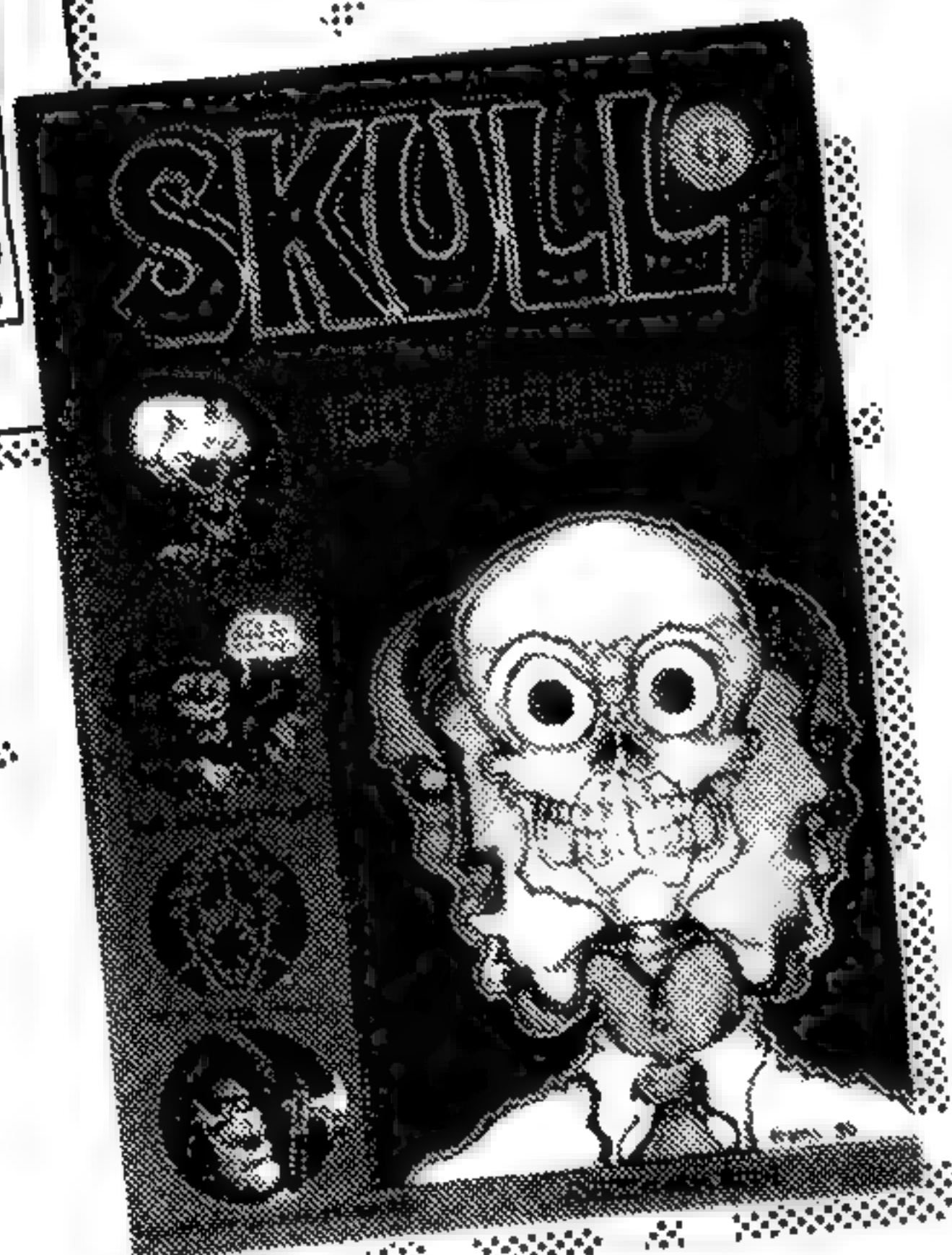
"I feel better now," says Nuts Boy. "... Got rid of my pent-up hostilities 'n repressions!"

Last panel: Nuts Boy, eyes going in different directions, holds a bloody breast in his left hand. "An' it's only a comic book, so I can do anything I want!"

In this one-page shocker Crumb manages to capture an essential idea that would permeate underground horror for the next five years: *Nothing is taboo in the realm of ink and paper. Here we can release everything that's lurking in the subconscious mind*

Of course Crumb had already been exposed to the excesses of S. Clay Wilson, so probably Wilson should be credited with originating this realization (the Dadaists beat him to it by only fifty years). But Crumb, while taking part in the aesthetic meltdown, characteristically has his character speak the philosophical observation that puts everything into perspective: "It's only a comic book, so I can do anything I want "

Crumb takes another excursion into slice comix in Simon Deitch's *Thrilling Murder* #1 (1971). Deitch (Kim's brother) wanted to do a book that would take the undergrounds beyond every taboo broken to date. "Don't be gutless—really get down," he told the artists. Crumb took him at his word and did the Manson thing to a turn with a story called "Jumpin' Jack Flash!" Using some of Manson's actual words, from the infamous *Rolling Stone* article, Crumb tells a harrowing 4-page parable of hippie spiritually gone haywire. Jack Flash, acid-head guru with square eyeballs, fascinates and enslaves nubile flower children and forces them to engage in ritualized sex and murder, all while spouting his "wisdom": "Death is life... life is love and love is death I am you... anything you see in me is you... when you admit that, you will be free ..." etc.



© 1970 Greg Irons cover Skull #1



I find this "Jumpin' Jack Flash!" strip to be truly awesome. It ranks right up there with Swift, Rabelais, William Burroughs—and all the better for being a comic strip! There are subtleties that Crumb conveys in his art that would escape the best prose writing...

It seems to me that Crumb did us all a couple of favors. First, he saw clearly, as early as 1968, the horror and darkness that were brewing under the "love one another" philosophy of the San Francisco hippie scene. Secondly, he gave us all a liberating perspective on America's deeply psychotic urges that were, at the time, etching themselves bloodily into the flesh of the Vietnamese. His work, as a total, places the reader in the position of being an eyes-open humorous observer of *everything*, including the outer limits of human behavior. The reader, after letting his mind follow this play of extremes, comes away feeling curiously released from the darker implications the existence of such behavior might have had upon his own destiny.

One could argue, I suppose, that this is the humorist's traditional function—all any humorist does is let you see yourself, for a moment, as the fool that you are.

But Crumb goes farther: by breaking the boundaries of an art form (the comic strip) that traditionally made ordinary people feel comfortable about themselves, he demonstrates that it is *the mind itself* that is the great fool. And the mind that knows its own foolishness and permutability is suddenly capable of gazing into depths of "madness" heretofore considered beyond the pale of the "permissible". Not everybody understood this aspect of Crumb's "message". But some of us understood.

Enter horror. Underground horror. The mind gazing fearlessly into

its own abyss.

SPAIN RODRIGUEZ

"Spain exudes a macho love of violence, his cool cruel biker's stiletto carves timeless dramas of romantic death in your eyes. Through Spain we see the glamor of the damned and the serene soullessness of the killer." That's what I wrote about him in 1973.

Spain is best known for his character *Trashman*, the authentic fascist vigilante biker who directly inspired the popular British character *Judge Dredd*. *Trashman* can also be seen as an antecedent of *Rambo*, *The Punisher*, and a host of lesser tough guys.

Spain's horror work is a rich texture of disturbing images, bizarre glimpses into the gothic grandeur of his Spanish-American soul. I associate his artistry with the early guitar work of Carlos Santana—great lyricism and dark vision flow together to shape the mind into unexpected patterns of perception.

For our anthology I have three pieces. The first is the cover of *Skull* #3 (1971). As previously mentioned, *Skull Comics* was the spawn of Gary Arlington. Gary remembers showing Greg Irons a rough sketch of the cover of *Skull* #1, and Greg took it from there, creating a finished cover, bringing the artists together, and steering the book into production. Rip Off Press co-published #1 with Arlington's San Francisco Comic Book Co.

Beginning with #2 the book went to Ron Turner's Last Gasp publishing company. Arlington was a man possessed by a vision, but, like many in the San Francisco comix movement, sadly lacking in capitalist instincts. Virtually all of the titles he created ended up being published by others more ambitious than himself. *Skull* was no exception.

© 1971, Spain Rodriguez,
cover Skull #3



The cover of *Skull* #3 shows a gnarled and rotten-toothed old man gnawing on a chunk of human flesh; to his right and slightly behind him a stubble-chinned monk, eyes shrouded in shadow, hand branded with a blue star; farther back a woman, naked under a transparent dress, stands atop a sculpted wall, her back to us, gesturing at a crowd of pleading hands; then the moon, huge and yellow in the sky.

© 1972, Spain Rodriguez,
cover, Skull #5



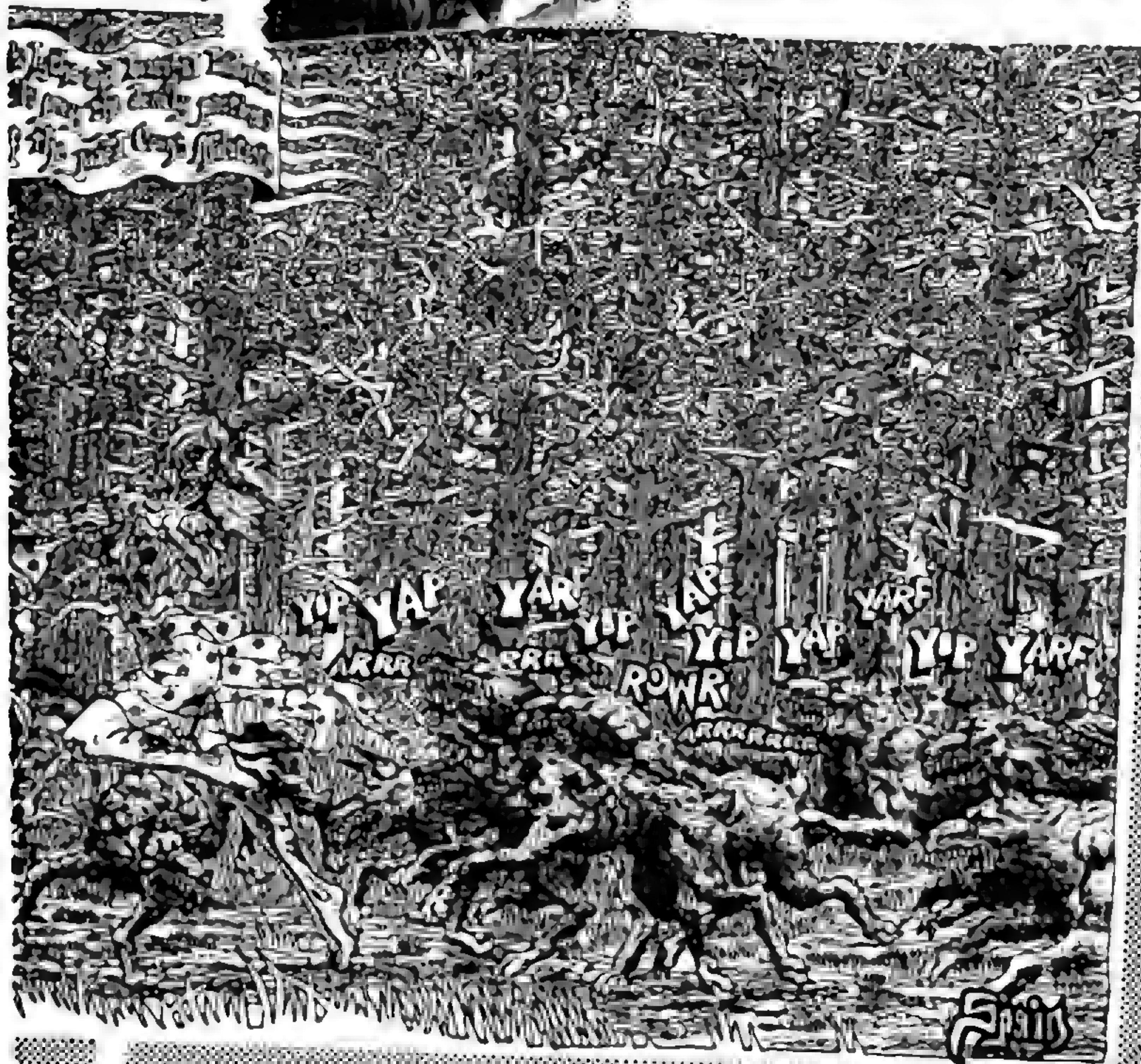
What does it mean? I couldn't say, but unlike the heavy-handed and derivative horror images we had been used to seeing in comics, this single cover cut directly to the bone, opening fresh arteries of inspiration in all of us.



1972, GREG IRONS, cover Skull



I feel similarly about a two-page spread Spain did for *San Francisco Comic Book* #4 (1973). (*San Francisco Comic Book* was yet another Arlington title—this one taken over by the Print Mint with #2.) Spain's spread shows another woman in a transparent dress, this one being pursued by nine dogs who have the aspect of hungry wolves. The background is a fantastic maze of intertwined tree branches. Hidden among the trees we glimpse a male figure on horseback. The title of the piece is inscribed on a flowing banner in the upper left: "The lythe and beautiful Luduvica falls prey the deadly pastimes of the jaded Count Malatesta." Another masterpiece.



© 1973, Spain Rodriguez, Dog Bite magazine San Francisco comic book, #4

The final Spain classic in our anthology is a 9-page story from *Zap* #7 (1974), called "Sangrella". As everyone knows, *Zap* was the king of comix, Robert Crumb's brainchild that initiated the whole underground movement, beginning early in 1968 with the publication of *Zap* #1. As *Zap* evolved, it became an elitist forum for the work of Crumb, Griffin, Moscoso, Wilson, Shelton, and late arrivals Robert Williams and Spain.

It was considered a very high honor to be published in *Zap*. The *Zap* artists were the *best*. But other artists of equal talent (such as Greg Irons) were consciously excluded

to turn *Zap* into a national newsstand magazine. But the laid back undergrounders would have none of that. Distrust of New York publishers ran deep. Everybody talked about "not selling out". And most people felt the New York fatcats were inherently incapable of appreciating the unique spiritual qualities of underground comix. (In fact people like Crumb knew it from hard experience.)

You see, underground comix weren't merely an act of rebellion or a gob of spit in the face of dead-soul America. They were a door to a whole other reality.

Such a door is Spain's *Sangrella*. This exquisite little

© 1974, Spain Rodriguez, Sangrella, Zap #7



from *Zap*. Part of the reason was probably aesthetic—the *Zap* boys didn't want the book's identity diluted. But a more compelling consideration was economic—*Zap* had an incredible circulation, well into the hundreds of thousands. Every time a new artist was admitted to the group, it meant a cut in income for everybody else.

At one point, so I was told by Print Mint publisher Bob Rita, there was pressure from east coast publishing powers

yarn combines elements of horror and science-fantasy in a brew guaranteed to cut new pathways in the neuro-psychic wilderness.

Spain sees a future world where men have become nearly extinct, and a class of sadistic "Arch Slayers" and "Arrogantine" leather goddesses war with those women who still "worship the font of priapic knowledge".

As the story develops, Arch Slayer Sangrella, with her

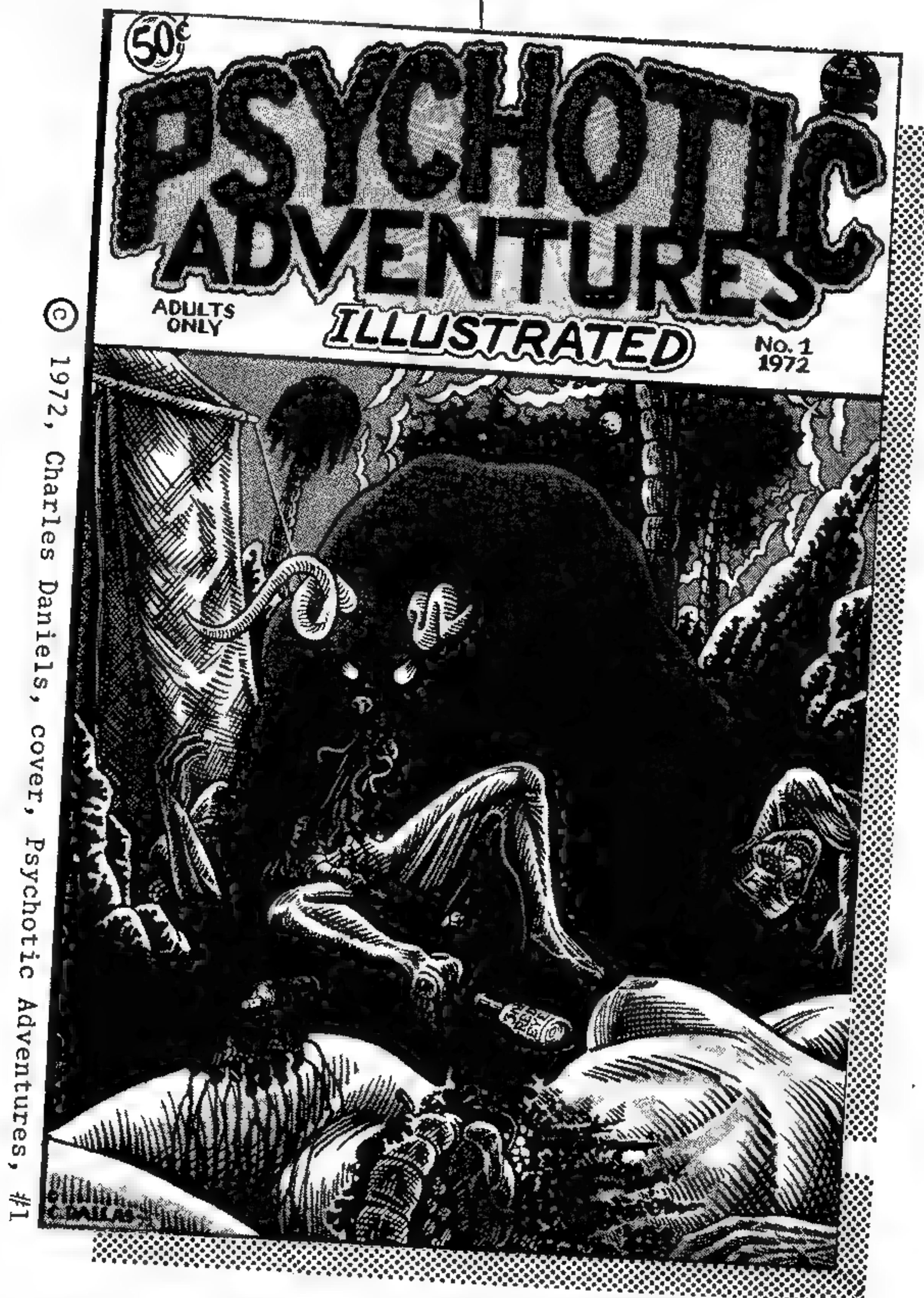
human female pet Sukhmet, is sent to rescue a special "procreative lens" that's been stolen by the sex worshippers. The plot is fairly uncomplicated, with poor Sukhmet getting the worst of it, but along the way we are treated to a stream of bizarre and frightening images unlike anything heretofore seen in comics—or anywhere else.

In a recent interview the French artist Moebius has acknowledged that the undergrounds were the inspiration for the magazine *Metal Hurlant*, which became *Heavy Metal* in America.

It seems to me that Spain, more than any of the other

undergrounders, embodies the essence of dark "leather and iron" fantasy that was seized and exploited by *Heavy Metal*. Indeed, his vision has been ripped off on all sides, by comics pros and film producers alike. In recent years Spain has been forced to supplement his income by sign painting. His work, if it is remembered at all by the world at large, is criticized for its rough-hewn "unprofessional" style.

Such is the fate of greatness in a world ruled by the slick and the ignorant.



CHARLES DALLAS

Charles Dallas is one of two artists in our anthology (the other being Tim Boxell) whose very style itself can be said to communicate the experience of horror. I'm talking about the ink line and brush stroke that, story content aside, throw open the doorway to darkness...

I suggest you find a copy of Dallas' *Psychotic Adventures* #1, (1972), published by "The Company & Sons", his own short-lived publishing company. (Later issues were handled by Last Gasp.) You can still find 'em for a couple of dollars. Our representative selection of Dallas stories are all from

© 1972 Charles Dallas,



SUDDENLY THE EVER-EXPANDING MASS BEGAN PUSHING UPWARD THROUGH THE CUBICLES. THE INSECTS HAD BEEN LONG IN PREPARATION FOR THAT MOMENT WHEN EARTH'S HOLLOW CENTER COULD HOLD NO MORE.

that issue.

Dallas generally wrote his own stuff, although not always. His stories often suffer from unsatisfying endings... but the endings don't matter that much. The texture of what is presented along the way is what matters—indeed, each of his images is an “ending” in itself, a window on weirdness and terror.

Look at the cover of *Psychotic Adventures* #1: campers in a tropical setting, being disemboweled by a hulking horned beast with white eyes; volcanic rocks, palm trees, their tent; a woman's nude body in foreground, her intestines spilling out amidst rags of bloody skin; behind her the yellow beast, legs covered with red fringe, yanks taut guts and gristle from a nude man's belly.

It's an image starkly fascinating and repulsive at the same time. (I'm sure that many who appreciated the artist's power chose not to purchase his comic books.)

Or look at the back cover. A decapitated woman in an alley, slit throat spouting blood. A man in trenchcoat, without shoes, holding her shoulder. His hands are bloody and he seems to be dropping the knife... But from the godawful look on his face we aren't sure whether he's the

murderer or her husband just finding the body. Make up your own story. Or read “The Dreamer”, by S. Goodyear, illustrated by Dallas—from which this image is taken.

This was 1972. As I have mentioned, the Vietnam conflict was sending us back pictures of ourselves as psychotic killers. Dallas, his horror art radiating unspeakable innocence, seemed to be purging himself of all that. At the same time he was chronicling an influx of frightening complexes from his own subconscious. No pretender he. In that sense his work represents the very epitome of what the undergrounds were about: no bullshit, no putting on some artificial aesthetic—open the trapdoor of the soul and let the dark tide flow

No single story conveys Dallas's raw obsessions better than “The Book of Zee”, the lead story in *Psychotic Adventures* #1. It tells of a fantastic future when earth has been transformed into “a concrete sphere comprised of billions of cubicles housing the infinite masses”. The core of his gigantic sphere “was left hollow to accommodate the continual flow of human waste” Giant insects inhabit the great waste dump “and frequently climbed up the drainage

THE AWESOME REALITY QUICKLY PASSES AS MORE URGENT THOUGHTS OF SURVIVAL COME TO MIND... BODIES WITHOUT FACES HAVE NO NAMES, NO PAST. THEY ARE TRULY SILENT.



TENACIOUSLY CUTTING, A SNAP — THE HEAD IS FREE!



GENTLY HE WRAPS THE SCARLET TREASURE IN A TOWEL...



© 1972 Charles Dallas,

The Book of Zee
Psychotic Adventures #1



pipes to the cubicles to satisfy their hunger for *meat* "

So much for setting the stage. As the story goes, the insects are taking some of their human prey alive—to prisons "buried within earth's fetid core". Here are stored "relics from the fabled "Golden Age of Mankind"...such as *Beowulf*, *The Pictorial History of World War IV*, and *The Collected Creepy Magazine*...

The story then describes and depicts in searing images the annihilation of the great concrete earth and its rebirth, over aeons, into a lush and verdant world, ruled by the race of insects...

There's more, all quite fascinating, and the whole thing winds down to a suitably gruesome and depressing end. The wonder of "The Book of Zee", for me, is the daring, almost naive way in which it leaves reality as we know it behind—including all the conventions of "post apocalyptic" science fiction and horror. This is the kind of story a New York editor would reject in a second. It's too *weird*. Too dissociated from the unwritten laws of pulp fiction.

You see, even horror fiction has its conventions and

taboos. One of them is "Thou shalt not commit idiosyncratic and primitive fantasies to the page." If only Stephen King could do *that* instead of simply reflecting the masses to themselves.

"The Dreamer" is more of an ordinary story—the writer and artist indulging in murderous fantasies. It is the attempt to place oneself (and the reader) inside the mind of a murderer. It's ugly, despicable stuff. I believe it describes a man murdering his own soul. Since this is a crime that many of you are guilty of, you ought to look at this... for the shock of recognition.

... THEN DRIFTS HOME WITH IT BENEATH HIS COAT.



NO SANGUINE TRAIL, NO QUESTIONS TO FOLLOW HIM...



... BACK TO BED, DREAMER. SAFE SLEEPER UNTIL DAWN.

FINIS 11/71

ROGER BRAND

HE FELT A FRESH BURST OF ENERGY A SECOND WIND WHICH LASTED ABOUT THREE SECONDS BUT HE TOLD HIMSELF

—THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE! THIS TIME I'M GETTING ACROSS



HE FIGURED HE COULD SWING HIS CLUB A HALF-DOZEN TIMES MORE THERE WERE SEVEN THINGS IN HIS WAY IF HE COULD KNOCK DOWN TWO WITH ONE BLOW, HE'D MAKE IT

HAR "THREE OF THE FUCKERS WITH ONE BLOW!"



CAN'T HOLD OUT BUT JUST ONE LEFT!

Roger Brand, who died in 1985 at the age of 42, came out of the New York professional scene. It's reported that he worked as assistant to Wally Wood and Gil Kane in the late 60's, before joining the San Francisco scene. As such his underground work is interesting, because he typifies the overground artists' obsession with drawing realistic naked women. Fortunately his sensibilities create a context of genuinely deranged narrative that make his "tales of sex and death" mostly unpalatable to overground tastes.

Take a walk through a story called "The Big Sewer", (*Tales of Sex and Death* #1, 1971). This is the kind of thing they should give to mental patients to read, to put them in touch with the split-off parts of their personalities.

The leading man, Mel Edmonds, wanders along the shore of a huge underground river of sewage. On the opposite bank absolutely beautiful, naked, well-drawn women strike lascivious poses and beckon to him to join them. Swimming in the river of filth are other women—ghoulish, rotting, death-headed hags. They too call to Mr. Edmonds. The story moves sort of aimlessly along for eight pages, but maintains an intensity of fascination that reflects the artist's own involvement with the material (another hallmark of true undergrounds). And then it ends, almost stupidly, but giving us a chilling

foretaste, I think, of Brand's own early death.

One of Roger's best stories is "She Crawls on her Belly Like a Reptile" (from *Insect Fear* #3, 1972). This story has a kind of Carl Barks touch to it—if Barks wrote stories for the sick and disturbed.

While helping Prof. James Redbreast investigate a series of killings by "Bashogi" snake-cultists, Johnny Carter meets and falls in love with a local snake-dancer named Serpentina. Of course the idiot suspects nothing, but by page four he's found her devouring the entrails of one of her human victims. He's quickly tied up by her lizard-headed helpers and forced to watch a bizarre and nauseating sacrifice and mating ritual that unfortunately is not in color.

Hypnotized by Serpentina into forgetting everything he's seen, Johnny unwittingly helps Serpentina lure the professor to his doom. Then Johnny himself meets an untimely and under circumstances that can only be described as ridiculous. As in "The Big Sewer", Brand pulls back from letting his hero become heroic. The guy ends up just another meal for the goddess of sex and death....

Hey, Roger, wherever you are (can you hear me?)—thanks!

IS SHE HUMAN OR SNAKE? CARTER NO LONGER RECOGNIZES REALITY AS, IN STUPERIFIED HORROR, HE WATCHES SERPENTINA AND A MALE CONCUBINE PERFORM THE ULTIMATE IN SICKENING DEBAUCHERIES



AND FINALLY MEL EDMONDS
SUMMONED HIS FINAL
OUNCE OF STRENGTH



WELL?
ARE YOU
COMING?

HE STOOD PANTING UNTIL
HE WAS TOO TIRED TO PANT
HE WAS TOTALLY SPENT



HE
JUMPED
IN

NAN WHAT FOR? HE WAS
JUST TOO TIRED



END

© 1971 Roger Brand, The Big Sewer, Tales of Sex and Death, #1

©1972

Roger Brand, She Crawls on Her Belly Like A Reptile, Insect Fear, #3

SHE CRAWLS ON HER
BELLY LIKE A REPTILE



Roger Brand '71

PROFESSOR JAMES REDBURN, NOTED
AUTHORITY ON PRIMITIVE CULTS,
ARRIVES IN THE SMALL CENTRAL
EUROPEAN TOWN OF BAKSHI,
ACCOMPANIED BY HIS ASSISTANT,
AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE JOHNNY
CARTER, TO INVESTIGATE A BIZARRE
SERIES OF UNEXPLAINED MURDERS



GOON, SIR, IT'S
STILL HARD TO
BELIEVE THESE
KILLINGS ARE
TAKING PLACE!

YOU'LL BELIEVE
IT SOON ENOUGH,
JOHNNY

AMONG THE MORE SUPERSTITIOUS
TOWNSFOLK CIRCULATE RUMORS OF
AN EVIL UNSPEAKABLY FOUL



-THERE WE'RE
IN TIME TO SEE
A FRESH
CASUALTY

IN FACT, IF ANY-
ONE BUT YOU
HAD TOLD ME
YOUR THEORY OF-
URGHMM

THE POLICE DISCOUNT SUCH RUMORS,
BUT HAVE FAILED TO STOP THE MURDERS
OR UNEARTH A SINGLE CLUE



BELLY AND VITAL ORGANS EATEN,
AND OFTEN THE BRAIN AS WELL... UN-
MISTAKABLE THIS IS THE WORK OF
THE BASHOGA SERPENT-MEN

JEFF JONES

Painter and illustrator Jeff Jones did what turned out to be a one-shot for Last Gasp in 1973—a nice collection of short pieces called *SPASM!*

As I recall, Ron Turner, publisher of Last Gasp, had hopes that Jones' book would sell a lot of copies and open up the underground scene to alternative comics of all kinds. I think he had in mind the kind of publishing that, for instance, EPIC is getting into today with books like *Moonsadow* and *Blood*.

But *SPASM!* failed to find an audience. For one thing, it was mainly distributed in head shops. It was too effete and "arty" for that market. Secondly, it had this kind of oblique *haunted* quality that leaves many readers cold, even today.

Even so, *SPASM!* deserves a place in our anthology, especially a story called "Guarantee", which could be the basis of a good movie. —A young girl with an artificial heart has her ticker switched off via remote control by agents of the state. That's it. She's the perpetrator of "crimes"—exactly what we aren't sure. The scenes of this child clutching her chest as the police look on dispassionately I find truly chilling.

Another story to check out is "Spirit of '76". In fact, read the whole book!

guarantee

SHE FELT HER HEARTBEAT DOUBLING AS THE SIRENS WAILED EVEN CLOSER.



© 1973 Jeff Jones, Guarantee, Spasm



JIM OSBORNE

© 1971 1976 Jim Osborne, To Have Loved and Lost, D.O.A. # 1



Jim Osborne is an excellent artist and storyteller who was with the undergrounds pretty much from the beginning. Place his work in chronological order, and you'll see the unfolding of a major talent.

His stories, like many underground tales, don't always end satisfactorily... but the atmosphere and dramatics along the way more than compensate for less-than-perfect denouements.

Check out a beautiful "film noire" piece called "To Have Loved and Lost" (first published in 1971, reprinted in D.O.A. #1, 1976). Osborne's cinematic instincts are fully operating in his mood piece. The opening panel: Guy St. Fond sitting on a mat in a North African hotel room, shirt open, sweating, smoking a cigarette, the shadows of window blinds imprisoning him... The caption reads:

Guy St. Fond—ex-Marseilles dock goon and hustler—waits in a stinking hovel, staring at the filthy whitewashed walls and stewing in his own sweat. The lazy drone of fat North African flies lulls his mind as it glides back to that fateful rendezvous a short month ago...

The story moves along smoothly... a shipboard romance, a desert journey, a meeting with Libyan opium dealers, torture at the hands of Turkish marauders, escape, the theft of opium... until Guy St. Fond meets final betrayal by the woman he loves.

"To Have Loved and Lost" is not a horror tale in the strict sense—but should be read before you dip into Osborne classics like "Kid Kill" (*Thrilling Murder* #1, 1971). As "Kid Kill", Osborne portrays himself as a deranged murderer with a demon growing out of his belly. This blood and gore soaked 8-pager is a black comedy piece,

THE LOSER

©1970

A SHORT TALE OF A SMALL MAN by J. OSBORNE



FACED WITH A SHORT, STARK FUTURE, LEON MORON REFLECTS ON A LONG BLEAK PAST: HIS 14 YEARS AS A DELIVERY BOY~THE DAY MAXINE WALKED INTO HIS LIFE~ THE SHY, PROLONGED COURTSHIP~MARRIAGE AND A NEW JOB~ 2 HAPPY YEARS AS A SHOE CLERK~ FOLLOWED BY 8 LOUSY YEARS OF WATCHING THE YOUNGER CLERKS CAPTURE ALL THE PROMOTIONS...

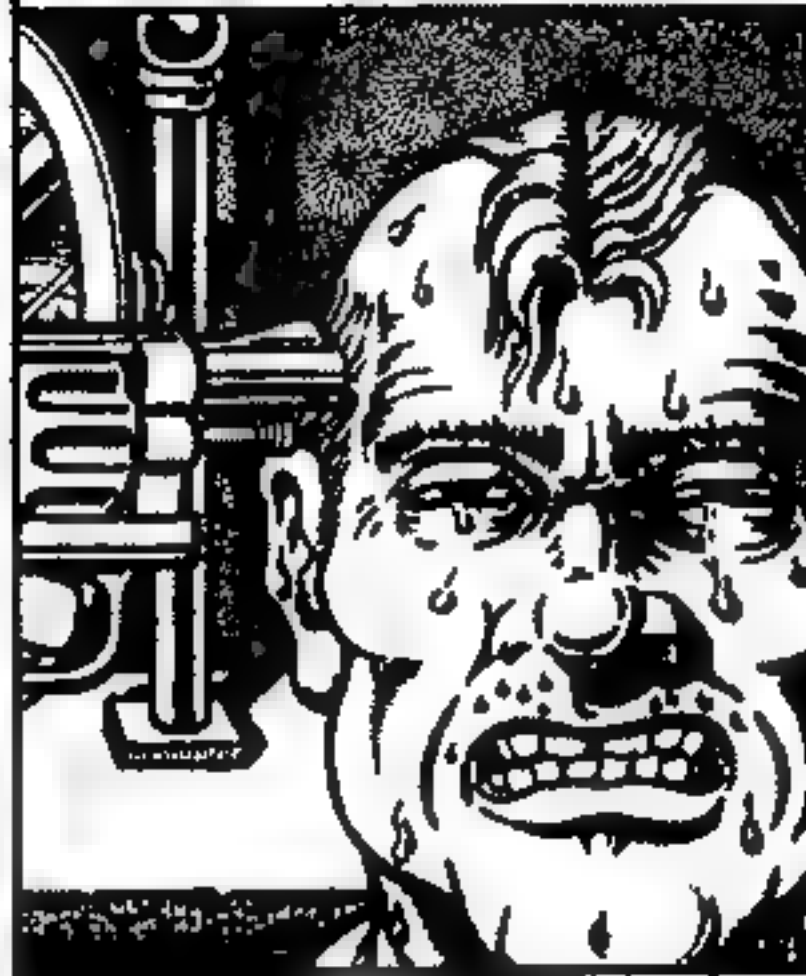
THEN MAXINE'S GORDING~ HIS SIX KNEE KNOCKING REQUESTS FOR A RAISE~



THE VIOLENT ARGUMENTS AT HOME AFTER EACH REFUSAL~



THE DISMISSAL SLIP THAT ACCOMPANIED THIS MORNING'S PRY ENVELOPE ~ RETCHING IN THE STORE'S RESTROOM BEFORE TURNING IN HIS SHOE HORN~



with strong undertones of William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*. Read it and choke.

Then turn to a wordless masterpiece called "The Harbinger" (from *Slow Death* #3, 1971—also reprinted in D.O.A. #1). "The Harbinger" is a homage to Lynd Ward, whose purely visual woodcut "novels", published in the 1930's, were read and honored by many undergrounders (including myself).

Rereading "The Harbinger" makes me realize that you could do a regular comic book, or a limited series, entirely without words—and it could be a very powerful reading experience. This hypothetical series would have to be written by a writer with a strong visual sense (Alan Moore could do it)—somebody who would give very detailed panel descriptions to the artist. Osborne does it all by

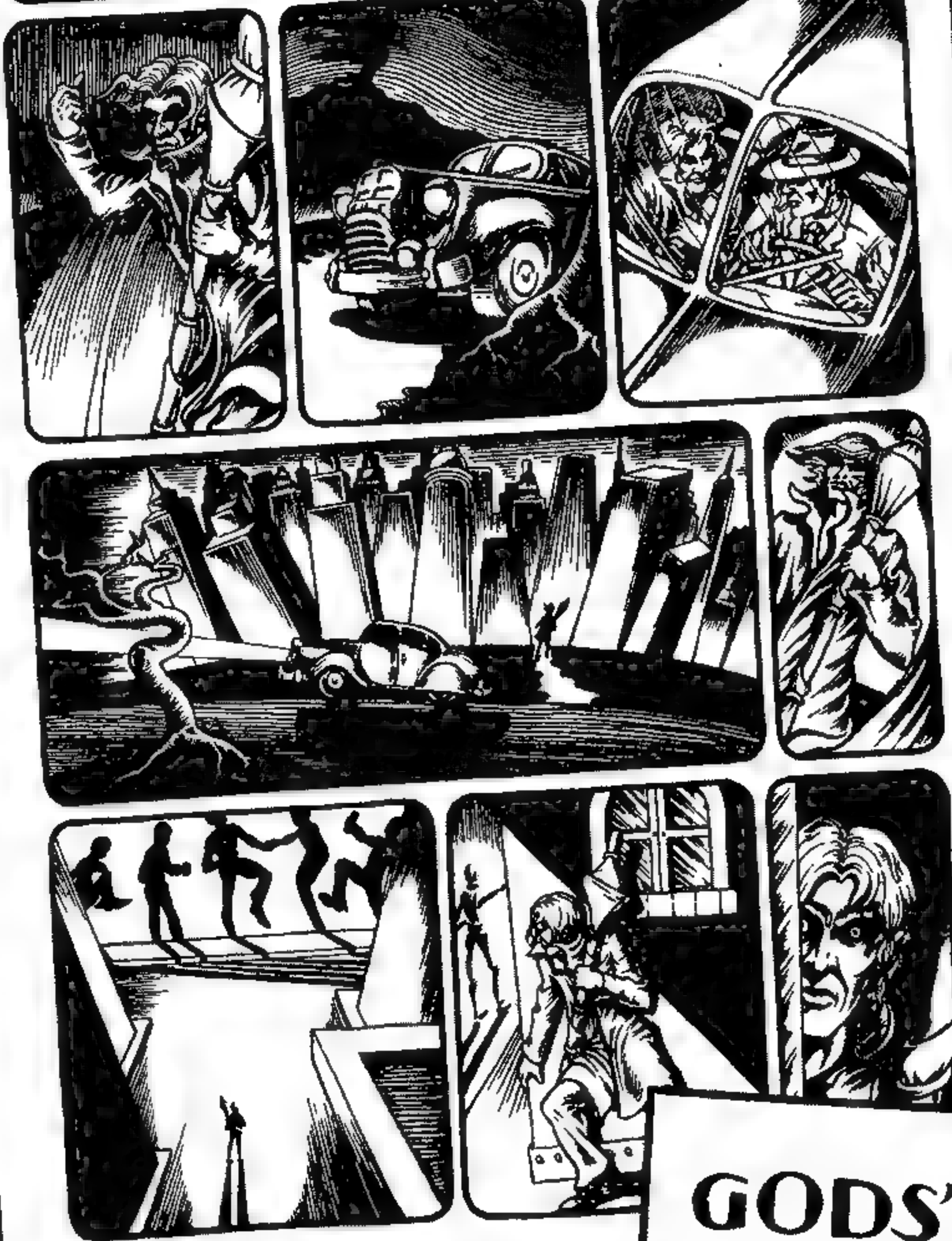
himself in "The Harbinger", with excellent results.

O.k., for the final blow from Osborne we jump to 1975 to a dazzling and excessive story called "Morning in Mallorca" (D.O.A. #1). This is a quadruple x-rated extravaganza about the sexual indulgences of the idle rich in French Morocco in the 19th century. It's completely outside the pale of social respectability and could not be reprinted in any anthology intended for general distribution.

I find "Morning in Mallorca" much more shocking than S. Clay Wilson's stuff... for the simple reason that with Wilson you know in front you are entering the anti-universe of total outrage. "Morning in Mallorca" exists in

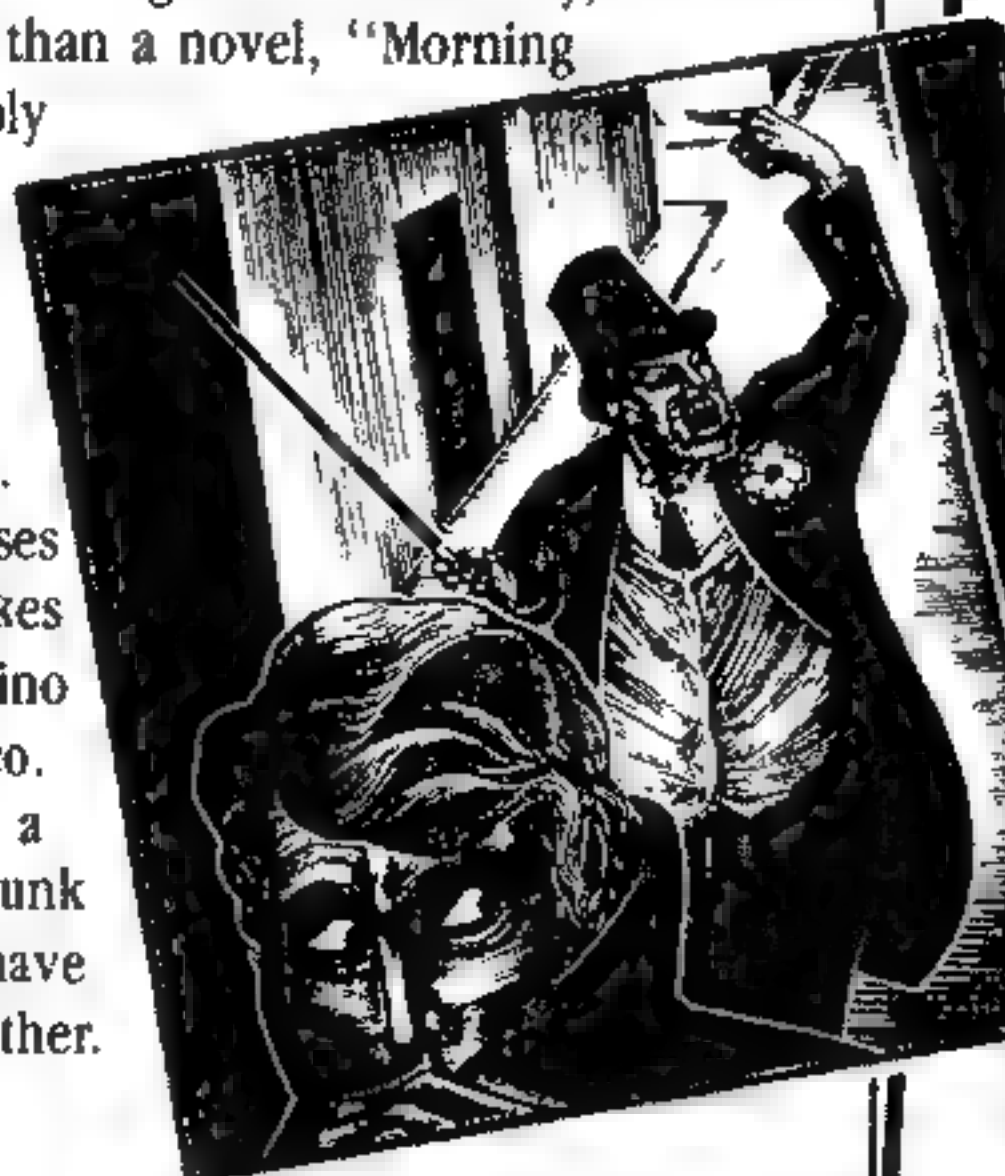
THE HARBINGER

JIM OSBORNE
1971



GODS' MAN

A NOVEL IN
WOODCUTS BY
LYND WARD



END OF PART I

the realm of traditional narratives, time-worn realities, and even real possibility. With this story Osborne achieves parity with his mentor Burroughs. Unfortunately, because it's a comic strip rather than a novel, "Morning in Mallorca" will probably remain consigned to the shadowy world of the forbidden and the forgotten.

... And as for Mr. Osborne, reliable witnesses report that he today makes his living fixing cappuchino machines in San Francisco.

Aside from illustrating a few record sleeves for punk rock '45s, he seems to have abandoned comics altogether.

... EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, ON EVERY PLANET
EVERY WORLD, GOVERNMENTS WERE TOPPLING,
CITIES WERE CRUMBLING, WHOLE POPULATIONS
WERE RAGING INSANE THRU THE RUINED STREETS
THE TORN COUNTRYSIDE, THE FABRIC OF CIVILIZ-
ATIONS WOVEN THRU PAINFUL AEONS HUNG IN
TATTERS ON THE RACK.

VOICES OF THE FRENZIED INSANITY, SHREIKED
FROM NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, RADIOS, TELEVIS-
ION'S TUBES, THE WHOLE NETWORK OF COMMUN-
ICATIONS WAS POPPING BURNING FIZZLING IN A
MINDLESS HYSTERICAL RELEASE OF ENERGY
THAT WAS PURE UNADULTERATED PANIC.

"I SEE THE CRIPPLED PRESSES GASPING LAST
BLACK WORDS OF DOOM AS THE INK POTS GO DRY
AND PHONE WIRES FUSE TO THEIR INSULATORS, TORN
AND BROKEN THREADS OF SPEECH STREWN ACROSS
DYING AMERICA."

VOICES OF WONDER SAT AND WATCHED IN CAVES
OR FROM THE SHELLS OF BOMBED OUT BUILDINGS.
MEN WHO HAD WAITED FOR THIS DAY, MEN WHO
HAD KNOWN IT WAS COMING... THE WHOLE PERVER-
TED MESS, FALLING INTO ASHES, A FEW LAST
SPASMS OF NUCLEAR HYSTERIA, THEN NOTHING
JUST A LIGHT WIND IN THE EMPTY TREES, AND
A DUST AND SAND WHIRLING IN THE SILENT STREETS.

TOM VEITCH
FROM THE
LUIS ARMED STORY

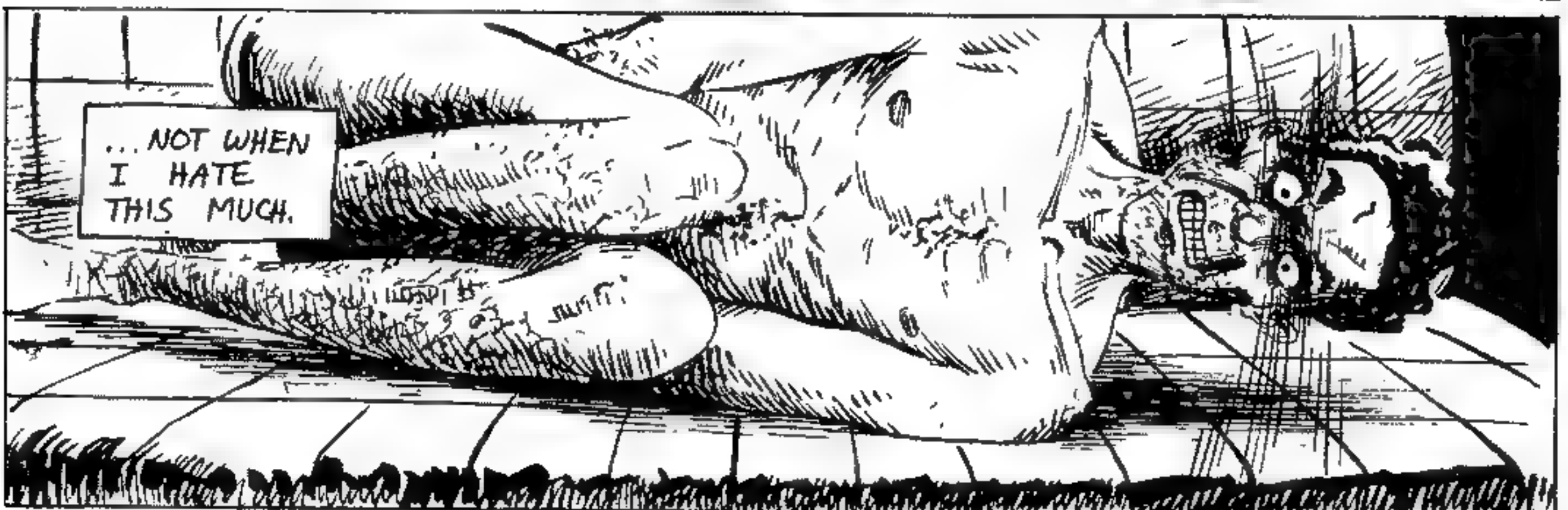
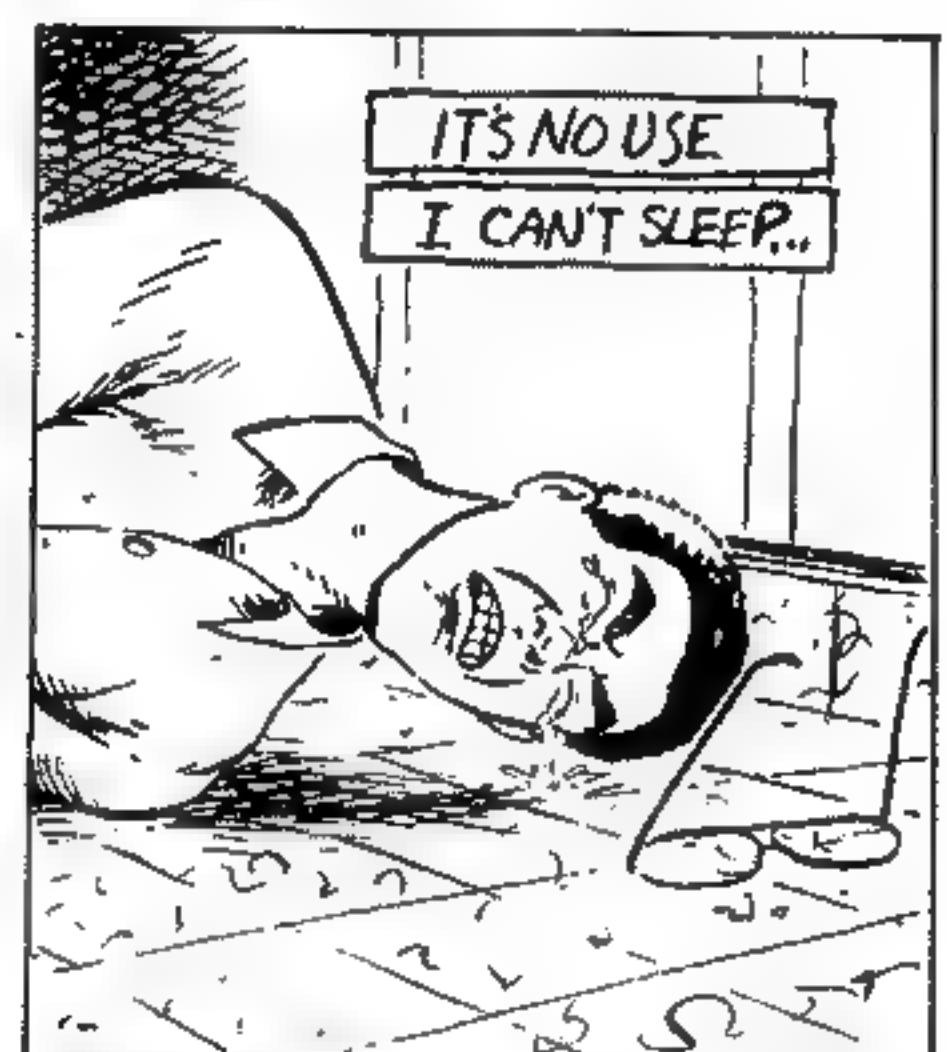


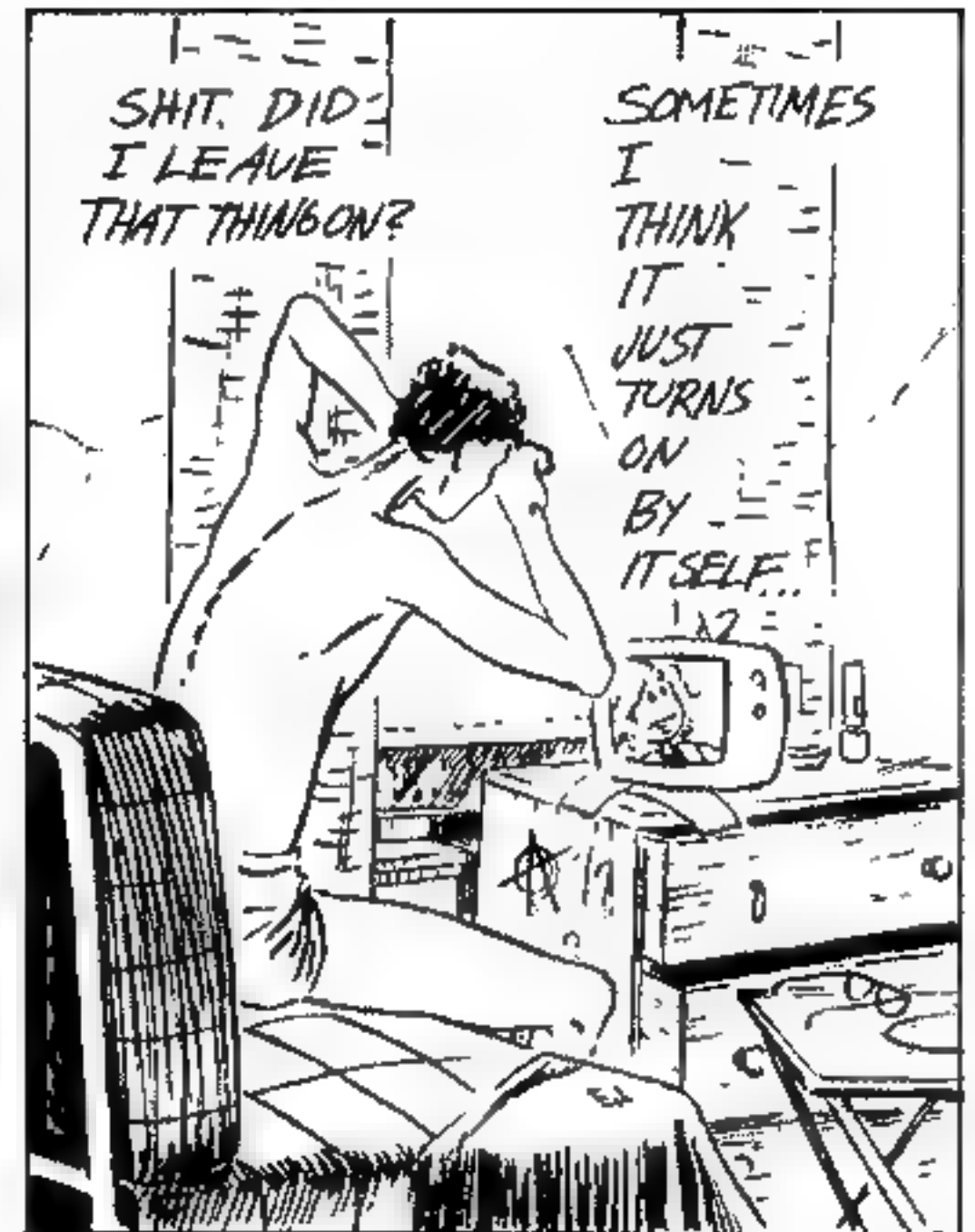
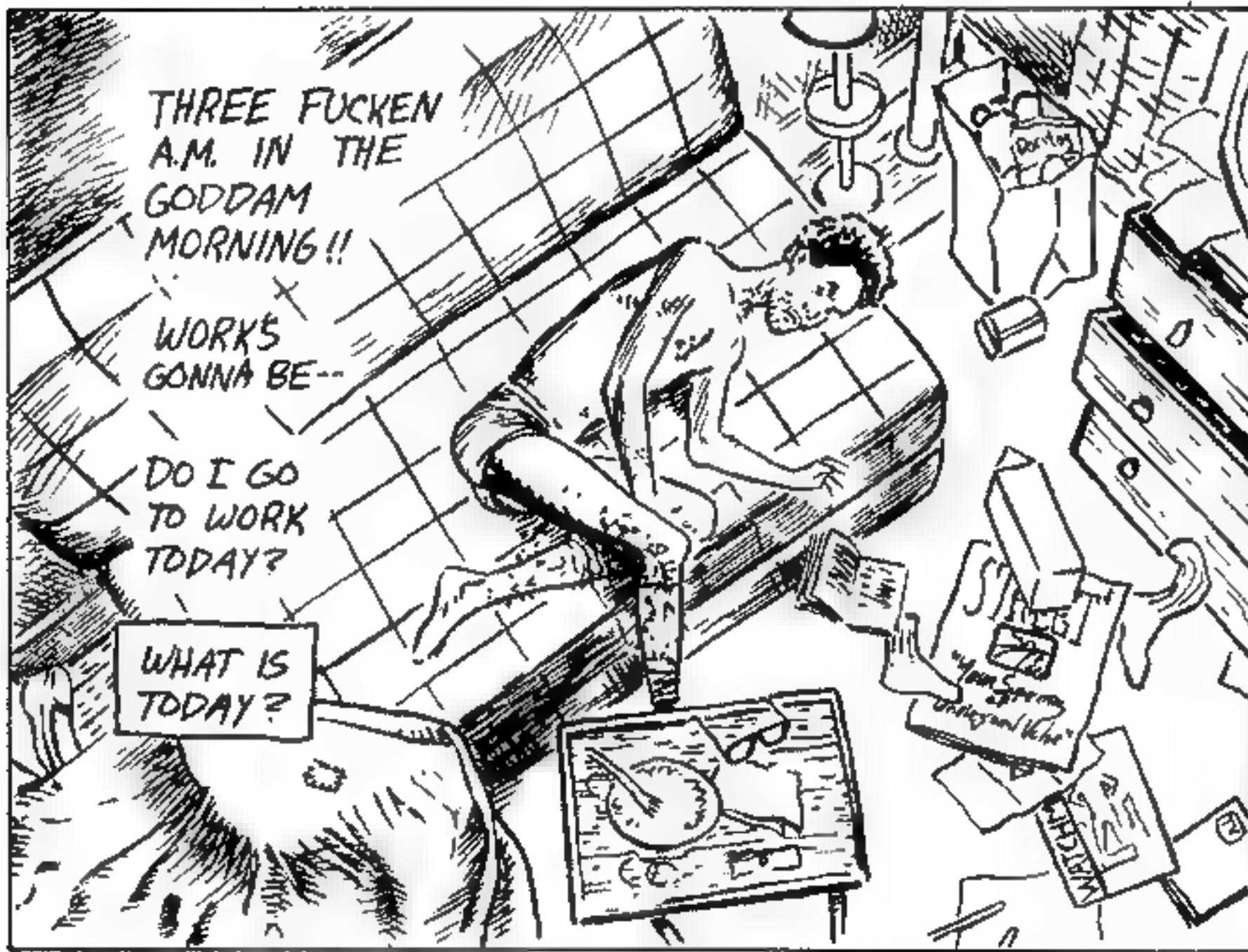
© 1971 Tom Veitch,
from the Luis
Armand story, Light

INTRUDERS AT THE GATES OF THE MIND

will conclude in
the next issue of *Gore Shriek* with an examination of the work of Rick Griffin, Richard Corben, Tim Boxell, Greg Irons,
Basil Wolverton, and S. Clay Wilson. ...See you in 30 days!

Tom Veitch
September, 1988







Heh.

MAYBE THEY'LL
EVEN GIMME MY
OWN WORKSPACE.

GOD, ERIC'S
MARKER COLLECTION
REALLY SUCKS

HE COLOR
BLIND OR
WHAT?

Hummm.



LOUD?

... HIS BOOKS
DO TEND TO
BE RATHER
LOUD.

TRY FUCKEN
EYESORE...



BLOODSHOT.

STAINS ON THE STREETS,
SHIRTS & LINEN SIGNS.

Comfort Line
747-5000



400 KIDS SHOT
DEAD IN SOUTH
AFRICA.

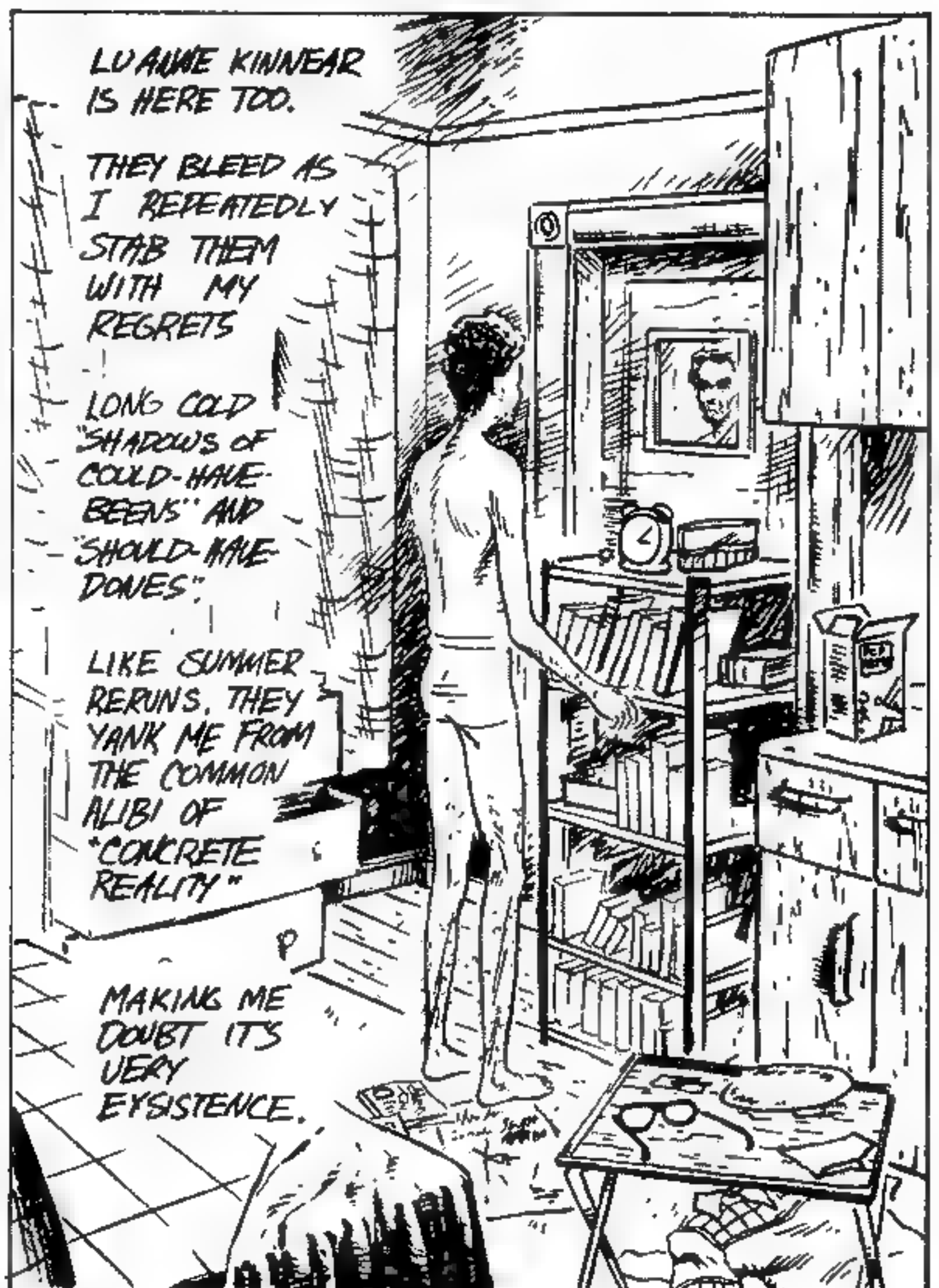
OVERHEARD SOME
ASSHOLE, A WHITE
TALKING ON THE
SUBWAY TODAY

HE SAID NOTHING
IS WRONG THERE,
"IT'S NOT AS BAD
AS YOU HEAR".

How to commit suicide in SOUTH
AFRICA

SHITTY THING IS:
HE'S STILL
WITH ME.

Sue Coe /
BRAW



LUANNE KINNEAR
IS HERE TOO.

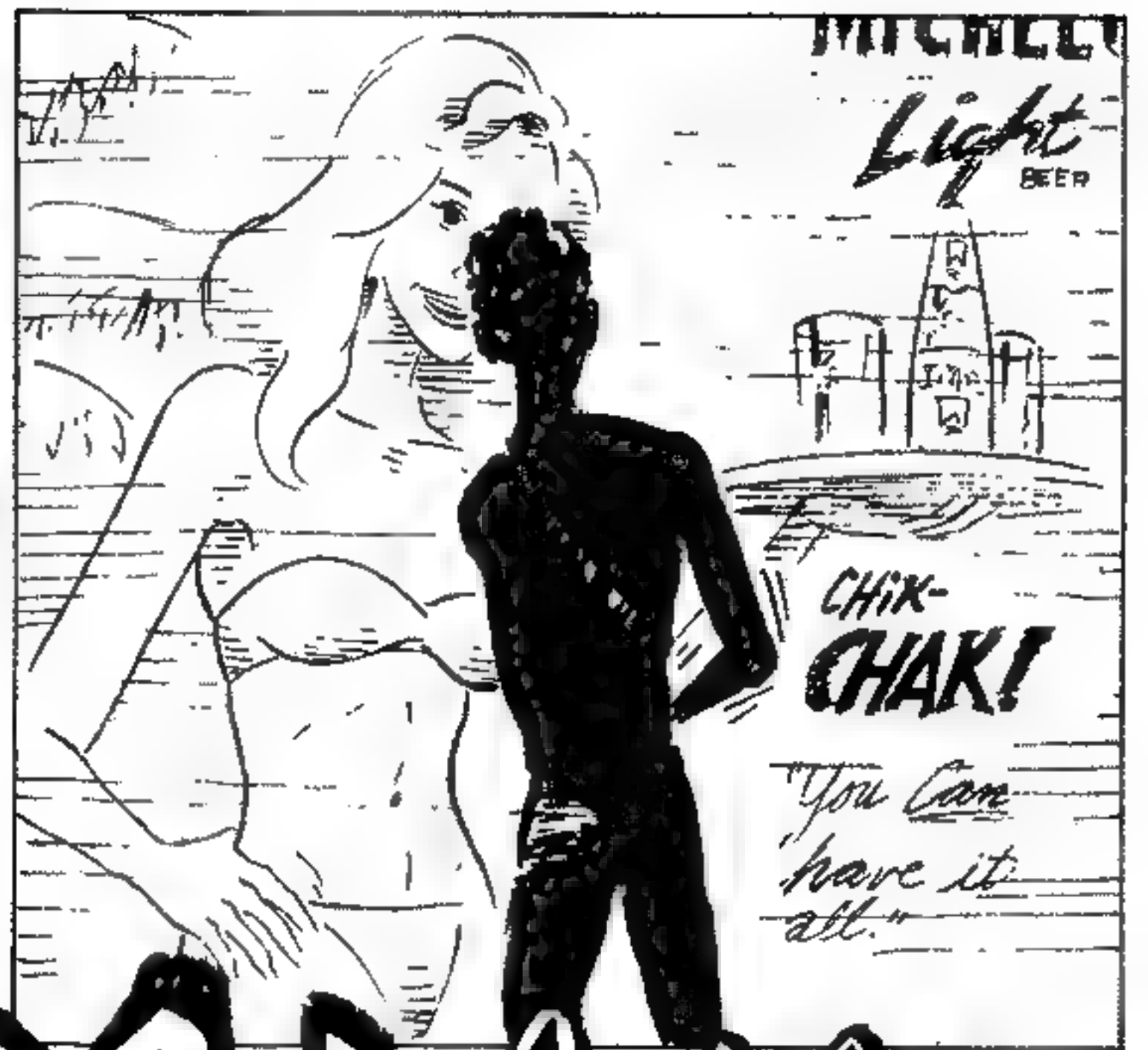
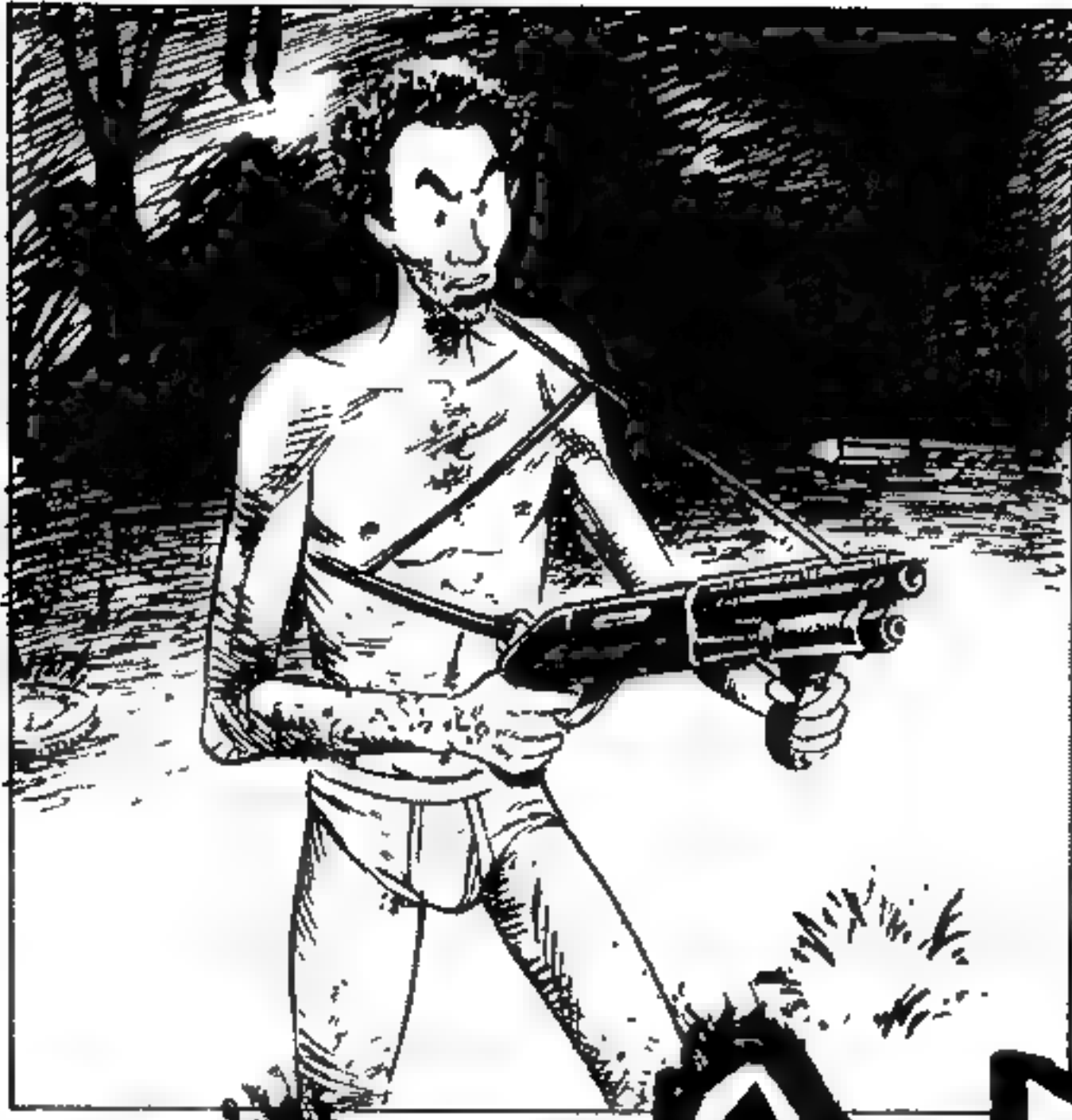
THEY BLEED AS
I REPEATEDLY
STAB THEM
WITH MY
REGRETS

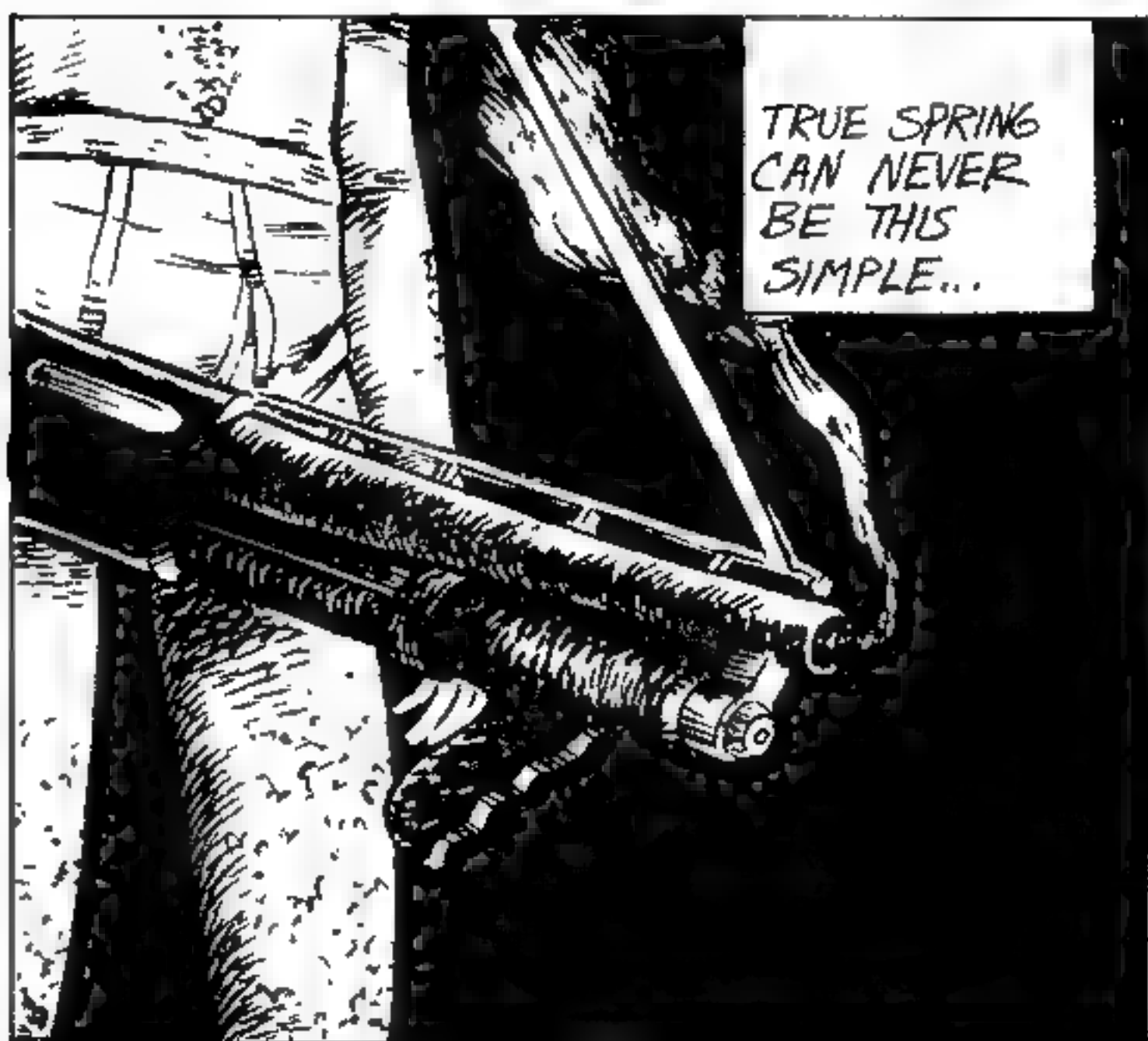
LONG COLD
"SHADOWS OF
COLD-HAVE-
BEENS" AND
"SHOULD-HAVE-
DONES"

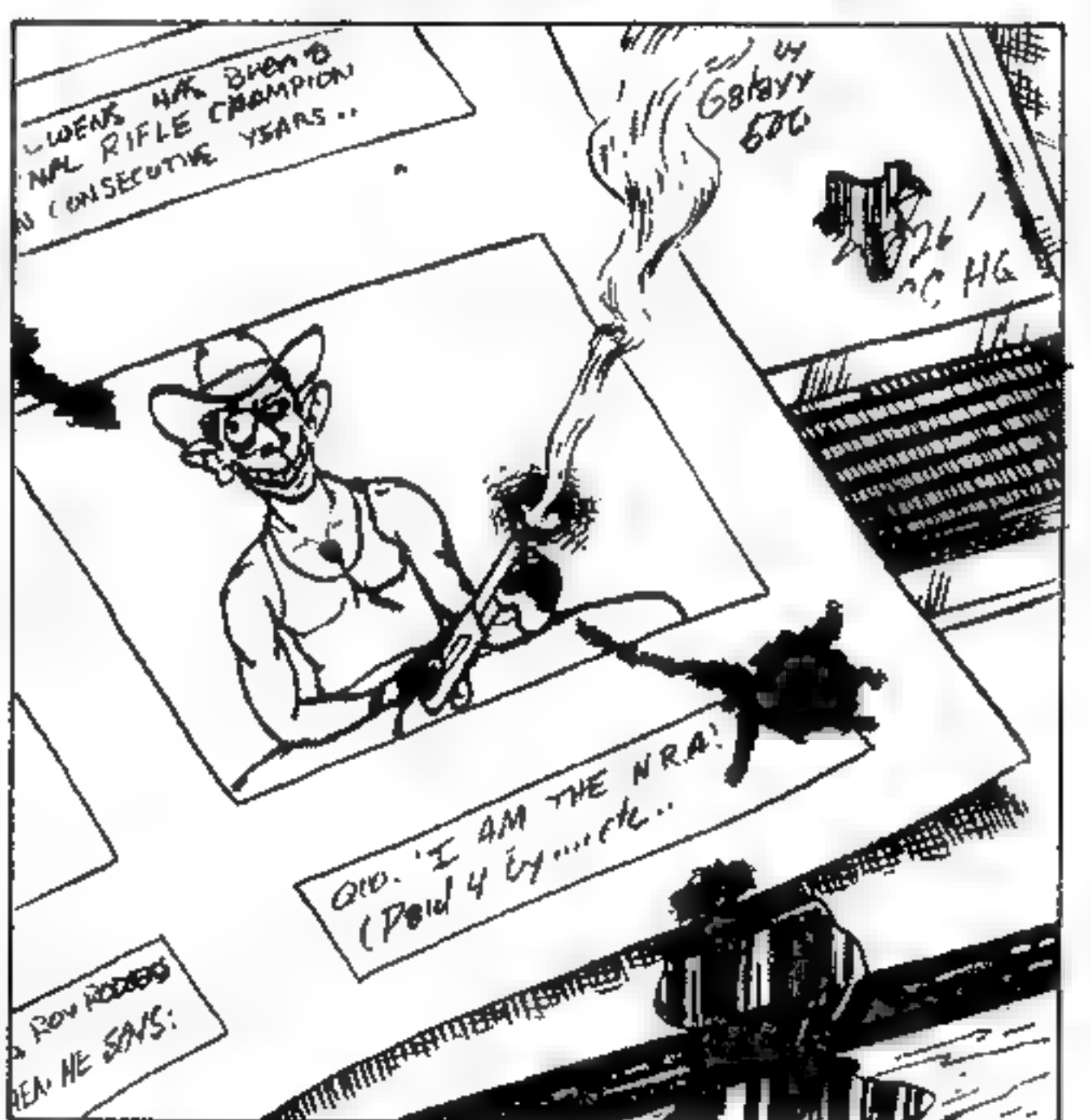
LIKE SUMMER
RERUNS, THEY
YANK ME FROM
THE COMMON
ALIBI OF
"CONCRETE
REALITY"

MAKING ME
DOUBT ITS
VERY
EYSISTENCE.





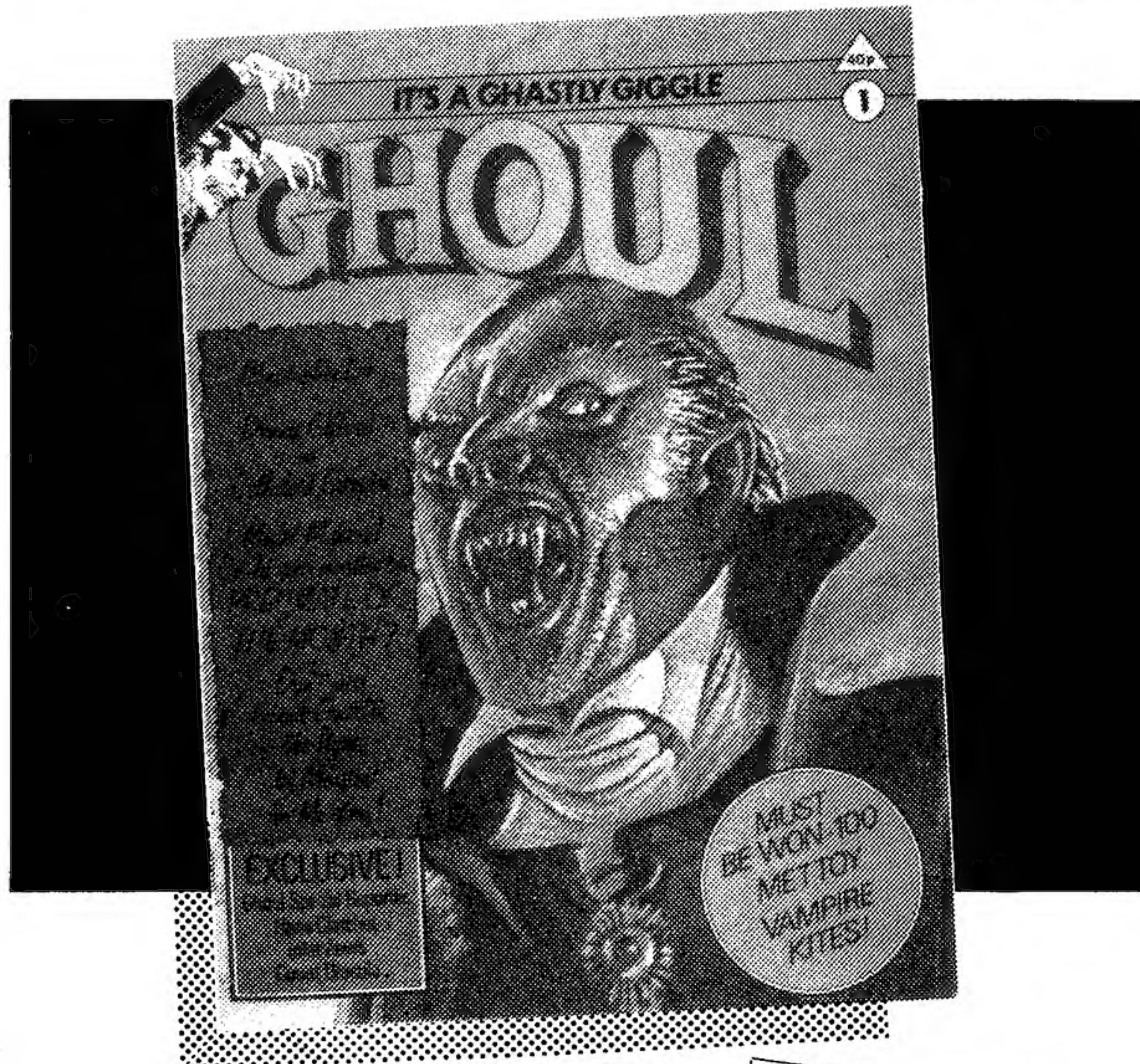




STANLEY WIATER is a contributing editor to *Fangoria* and *England's Fear*. His work has also appeared in *Prevue*, *Horrorstruck*, *New Blood*, and *Twilight Zone*.

A Review by Stanley Wiater

THE LOST GHOUL'



Copyright © 1988 by Stanley Wiater

In spite of the completeness of Bob Michelluci's excellent *Collector's Guide to Monster, Science Fiction and Fantasy Film Magazines* (Imagine, Inc., 1988), at least one horror film publication escaped his grasp. The magazine in question is called simply *Ghoul*, and was published in England in 1976 by the New English Library. Cover price for the first issue was 40 pence, and since this is the only one we've ever come across, it can be reasonably assumed that it never went beyond the initial issue.

Although Pat Hornsey is listed in the masthead as Executive Editor, with Penelope Grant as Associate Editor, the editorial style of *Ghoul* is readily apparent by the "real" editor being known only as "Gruesome." (As we shall see, it's a good bet that the ghost-editor was writer R. Chetwynd Hayes.) Basically, the magazine is an undisciplined hodge-podge of adolescent tripe, critical articles, and adult horror fiction. Since it's unlikely that many cineterrorologists will ever get ahold of a copy of *Ghoul* No. 1 let's briefly examine its contents.



"Beyond Terror." Here the "Gruesome" editor invites the readers to send in their most vivid nightmare or phobia, with possible publication and a one pound note touted as the prize. By way of example, our editor includes nightmares described by four actual (?) employees of New English Library.

"I Meet the Great Indestructible." A writer using the pseudonym "Hans Clutcher, *Ghoul Gazette*" meets for an exclusive interview with Count Dracula. This is supposed to be humorous, with the Count lamenting about his lifestyle, and of course trying to make the reporter his latest victim.

"Things Ain't What They Used To Be." Popular horror film critic and writer Denis Gifford (whose name is misspelled on the cover) offers what was meant to be the first of a continuing series. The author of such books as *A Pictorial History of Horror Films* and *Karloff*, Gifford takes an indepth look at the scare films released in 1940. (Next issue was to be on the films of 1941.) Why this year is chosen is never explained, though Gifford offers the most fact-filled article in the magazine, detailing such films as *The Cat and the Canary*, *The Return of Dr. X* and *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*. (Of course, most of the young readers of this publication would never have heard of the films he so slavishly describes. But...)

"Horror-scope." Ridiculous attempt to describe a "monster-zodiac" for such cheaply imagined creatures as "Fangus" and "Gnawus the Slime-Beast" and "Crushem the Golen" (sic).

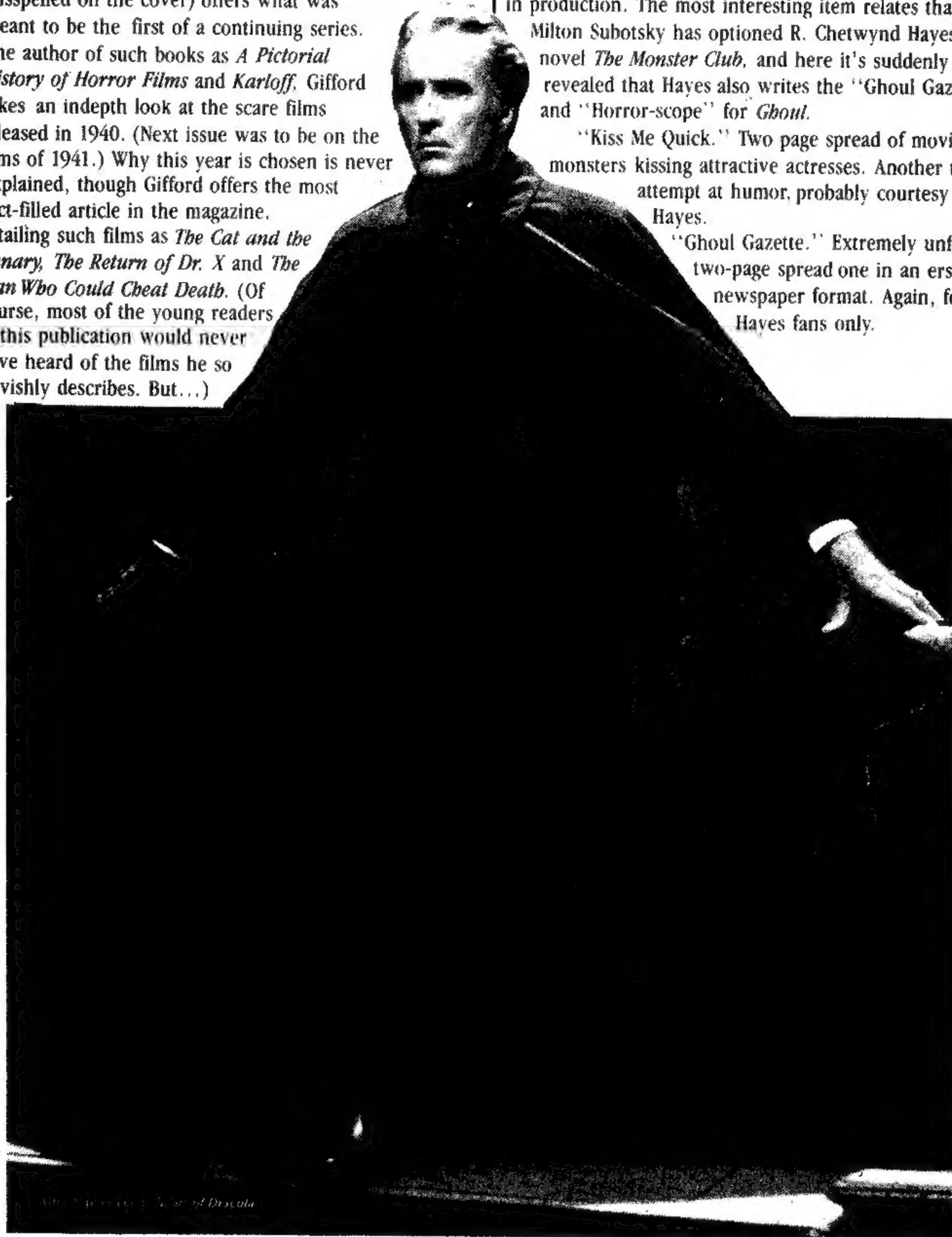
"Christopher Lee." A three-page gallery of Lee. Wow.

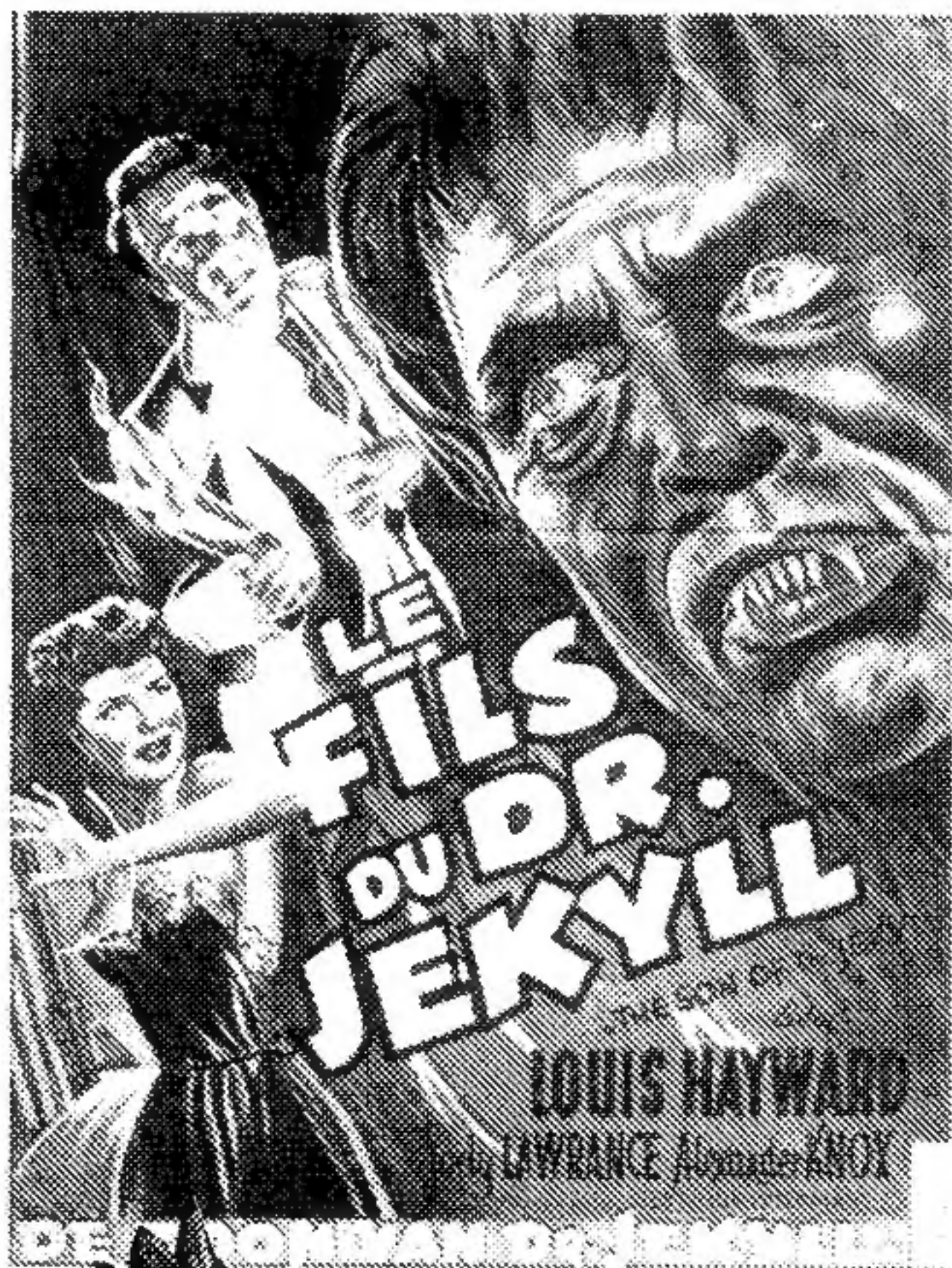
"Ghoul At Large" by R. Chetwynd Hayes. Original short story by a prolific, if wildly uneven, British writer of horror. Hayes has a story which is again apparently the first of a series ("follow his adventures every month in *Ghoul*"), dealing with an unusual hero named Mr. Lough who is in fact the "Ghoul" of the title. (Lough is basically a professional graverobber, and has encounters with assorted supernatural beings planned for him.)

"On the Prowl." *Three-quarters of a page* on new films in production. The most interesting item relates that Milton Subotsky has optioned R. Chetwynd Hayes' novel *The Monster Club*, and here it's suddenly revealed that Hayes also writes the "Ghoul Gazette" and "Horror-scope" for *Ghoul*.

"Kiss Me Quick." Two page spread of movie monsters kissing attractive actresses. Another tepid attempt at humor, probably courtesy of Hayes.

"Ghoul Gazette." Extremely unfunny two-page spread one in an ersatz newspaper format. Again, for Hayes fans only.





"Masters of Horror No. 1: Edgar Allan Poe" by Walter Gillings. A completely sincere and serious piece designed to introduce the reader to one of the greatest writers of horror who ever lived. Considering how Gillings only had a few thousand words to work with, it's clearly the best written piece in the magazine. No doubt the editors were trying to cover all the bases by including a literary sketch in every issue.

"Some New Pleasures Prove" by Charles Birkin. A great short story (though apparently culled from one of Birkin's collections) about a young girl trapped in a house with a sex maniac. Typical Birkin-style *conte cruel*, which makes for great adult horror reading—but then again is totally out of place for a magazine obviously intended for older children and adolescents.

"Celluloid Screams." Two-page colour spread, in both French and English, of four horror movie posters. Interesting only for *Creature from the Black Lagoon* and *Son of Dr. Jekyll* in the French poster versions.

"Preymate of the Month." Another attempt to directly involve the reader. The editor invites anyone to create a monster (either a model or in make-up), and send in a colour photograph for possible publication. Little more than a gimmick, needless to say, as when *Famous Monsters of Filmland* invited kids to send in pictures of themselves dressed up as weird creatures.

Like any fledgling publication, *Ghoul* went for the scattershot approach in its search for an audience. Some of the features ("Ghoul Gazette," "Preymate," assorted contests) were definitely meant to try and interest the youngsters, while "scholarly" pieces like "Masters of Horror" and Denis Gifford's film history series were slanted for the more serious fan. Finally, the inclusion of fiction—especially Birkin's gruesome tale—indicate that New English Library was obviously trying to find if there was a market for horror in magazine form. (The back of *Ghoul* is a full page advertisement for NEL horror novels, while the front cover of the magazine and its color center spread are actually reproductions of the cover artwork for Robert Lory's paperback novel, *Dracula Returns*.) Oddly enough, the only area the editors didn't try to tap into was comics, as numerous other "monster magazines" have successfully done before the after this one.

Ghoul, under the heavy hand of ghost-editor R. Chetwynd Hayes, most likely had too difficult a time in finding a suitable audience to continue. It's value to American collectors is debatable, outside of its obvious scarcity if it never went beyond the first issue. For now, clearly it's greatest attraction is that it never made it into Bob Michelucci's book.

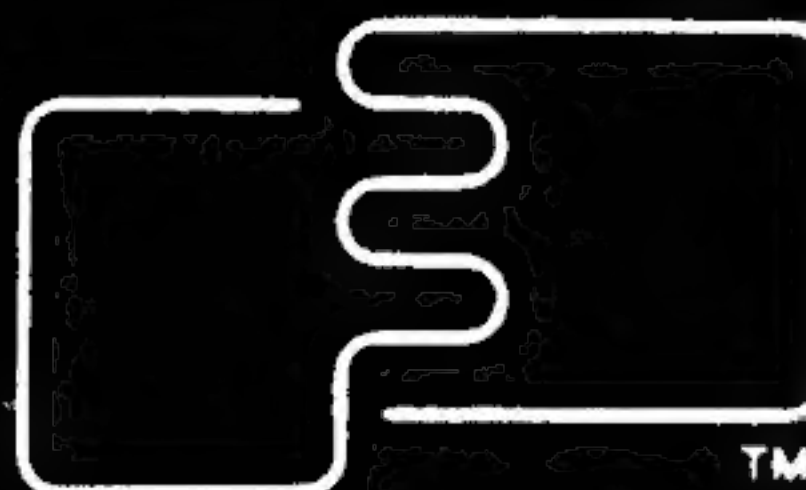
Every month, GHOUL talent scouts will be scouring England to uncover the country's most mind-boggling monsters. No tombstone will be left unturned in our quest for the PREY-MATE OF THE MONTH.



GOOSE SHRIEK

This Issue Features:

Bill Anderson
Chas. Balun
Steve Bissette
Bruce
Spaulding Fuller
Archie Goodwin
David Marshall
Rick McCollum
Chris Pelletiere
Tom Veitch
Stan Wiater



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